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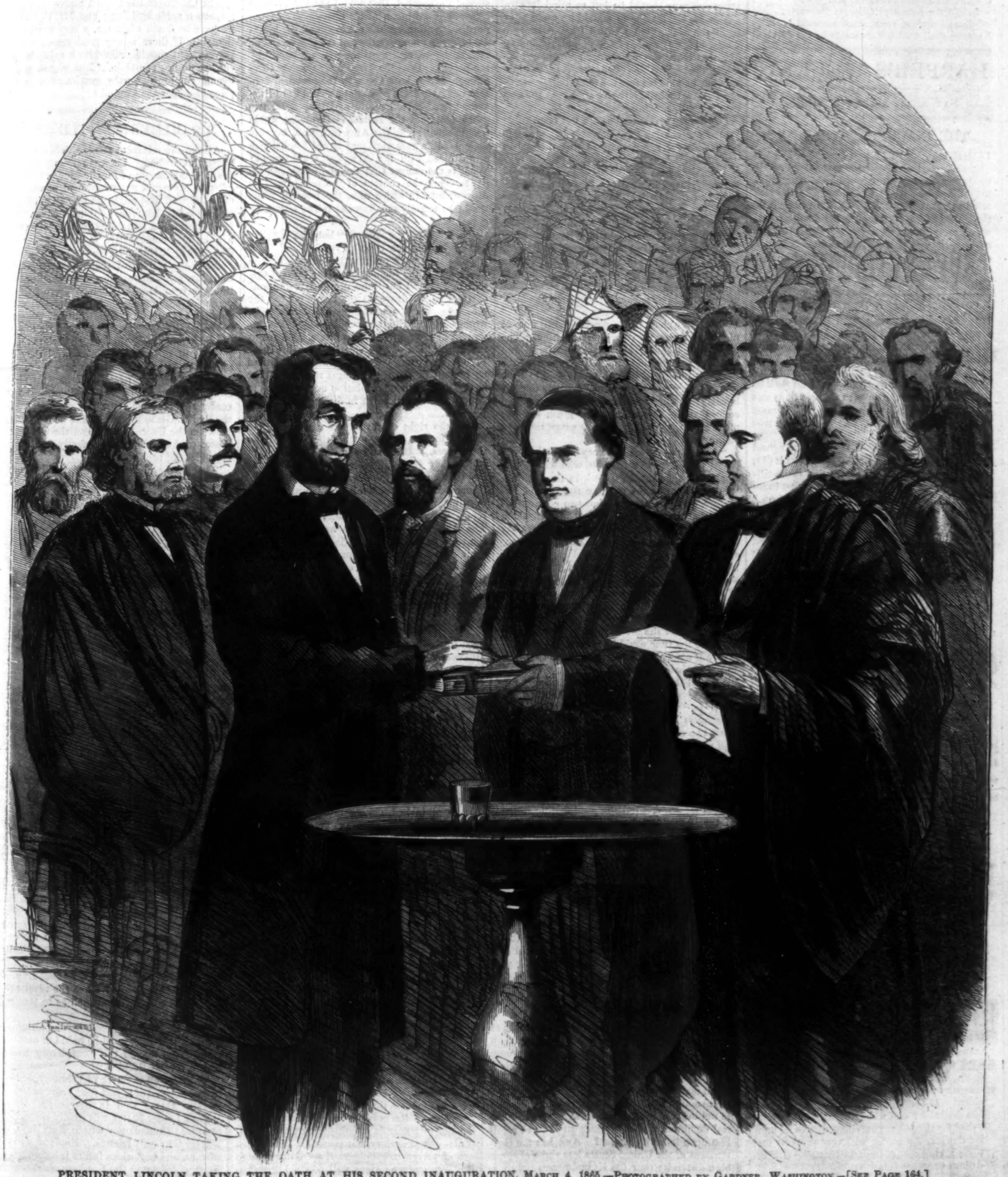


PRESIDENT LINCOLN TAKING THE OATH AT HIS SECOND INAUGURATION, March 4, 1865.—Photographed by Gardner, Washington.—[See Page 164.]

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1865.

Behold her now, with restless, flashing eyes,
Crouching, a thing forlorn, beside the way!
Behold her ruined altars heaped to-day
With ashes of her costly sacrifice!

How changed the once proud State that led the strife,
And flung the war-cry first throughout the land!
See helpless now the parricidal hand
Which aimed the first blow at the nation's life!

The grass is growing in the city's street,
Where stand the shattered spires, the broken walls;
And through the solemn noonday silence falls
The sentry's footstep as he treads his beat.

Behold once more the old flag proudly wave
Above the ruined fortress by the sea!
No longer shall that glorious banner be
The ensign of a land where dwells the slave.

Hark! on the air what swelling anthems rise—
A ransomed people, by the sword set free,
Are chanting now a song of liberty;
Hear how their voices echo to the skies!

O righteous retribution, great and just!
Behold the palm-tree fallen to the earth,
Where Freedom, rising from a second birth,
No more shall trail her garments in the dust!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 18, 1865.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE inaugural address of the President is characteristically simple and solemn. He neither speculates, nor prophesies, nor sentimentalizes. Four years have revealed to every mind the ghastly truth that the Government of the United States is struggling in a death-grapple with slavery; and as a new epoch of the Government opens in civil war, its Chief Magistrate states the vital point of the contest, and invokes God's blessing upon the effort of the country to finish its work in triumph. With a certain grand and quaint vigor, unprecedented in modern politics, the President says: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

We are especially glad that the inaugural does not, as the New York *Tribune* wishes it did, "appeal to the rebels for a cessation of hostilities as pleadingly as its prototype [the first inaugural] urged forbearance from beginning them." Such a tone would have been neither politic nor humane. When the President speaks of "the progress of our arms upon which all else chiefly depends," every man is reminded of the peace-history of the last year, and of the terms which have been constantly repeated, and which are perfectly well known to the rebels and to the world. Those terms are unconditional submission to the laws of the United States.

We are equally glad that the President indulges in no observations upon Mexico, England, France, and things in general. He was taking the oath to continue the work in which his conduct has so satisfied the country that he is continued in his office by general assent. With a fine sense of propriety he says, in the gravest and most impressive way, that he accepts the trust and prays for strength to do his duty. And all true American hearts say, Amen!

THE PERILS OF THE RAIL.

There have been more than fifty serious railway accidents in the country since the year opened. In the last week of February there were ten, and since the first of January more than sixty people have been killed, and nearly five hundred wounded. The Ohio Senate has appointed a Committee to report upon some plan by which human life can be better protected upon railroads. Scarcely a day passes that some disaster is not recorded, and if the people of the country, in their Legislatures, do not help themselves they are likely to go unaided.

That Government should not meddle with private affairs is very true. But wholesale slaughter upon railroads which derive all their privileges from the people is not a private affair. There is a contract between the companies and the people. Personal safety is one of the inevitable although unexpressed conditions of the contract. If it is broken by the privileged party, the party that grants the privilege may properly take the steps necessary to secure the fulfillment of the conditions. Legislative control of a railroad company may be undesirable, but universal accident and slaughter upon railroads are much less desirable; and whenever a company established for the public convenience becomes a public danger, the public will very properly insist upon taking care of itself, by imposing new conditions upon the company.

So unfortunate a season for railroad travel was never known in this country. The reasons are many. All the roads are well worn. The price of iron has been so high that, at a time when the roads were most worked, repairs have been delayed. The long-continued frosts have weakened the rails and the iron-work of the locomotives. The throng of passengers and the press of freight have been unprecedented, and the Government has constantly wanted locomotives and engineers. Consequently rails have snapped in every direction; locomotives have been disabled; trains have been whirled from the track; the cars have been crowded and uncomfortable; time-tables have been utterly useless; connections have been seldom made, and trains have been quite uniformly delayed.

If any man thinks that the Legislature has no right to meddle with private affairs we should like to seat him in a car from New York to New Haven, and when the train is thundering along at thirty miles an hour, jerking and jumping from the track and every passenger waiting for the crash, ask his opinion of the right of any company to play with human life as it is played with upon that road. Or if he is confident that every company should be left to mind its own affairs, we should like to stand him up in a car upon the New York Central from Albany to Utica, with no chance of a seat, and, reminding him that there was no chance of helping himself by the competition of another road, ask him whether he paid his fare for the privilege of discomfort, and whether the charter was granted for the public accommodation or not.

Of course the companies are not responsible for not overcoming the elements; but they are responsible for not accommodating themselves to circumstances. For instance, a traveler lately left Albany for the West upon the Central Road. The train was very heavy; there were twelve cars. It was crowded, and in every car some passengers were standing all the way. The weather was cold, and when the traveler who sat near the stove asked the boy who tended the fires to put in some dry wood he replied, good-humoredly: "Dried wood! Golly, there are twenty-four stoves on this train and only two on 'em has any fire, and yourn's one. Ef yer wait for dry wood yer'll freeze pretty sudden. This wood was all cut down this mornin'." From eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night there was no stoppage for eating. The train was laboring along behind time; and whether, as one critic said, the President of the road was interested in coal, and so had had the locomotives changed from wood-burners to coal-burners: or whether an untimely parsimony had compelled the Company to use green wood to make steam, the result was the same, the most baffling and disastrous delay.

"I advise every body to keep cool and take it philosophical," said a traveler, who was calmly smoking a cigar, at ten o'clock in the evening. "I have been on the go since the 28th of December, and I hain't made but two connections in all that time. Might as well be cool about it. Here's this Central Road. Out of sixty locomotives, forty of 'em is in the shop. Two smashed up this morning at Utiky. Better take it philosophical." All this time no water was to be found for the children. Every one of these inconveniences could have been easily remedied by an efficient superintendence; and if the increased weight of the trains or diminished power of the locomotives prevented making time the time could be altered.

It was agreeable for the travelers in that train to reflect that the Company, which was responsible for all this discomfort, was at that very moment beseeching the Legislature for additional privilege. But if the Central Road treats its passengers like dogs, when it can only charge them two cents a mile, it will treat them like pigs when it can charge them three. There is a profound public sentiment hostile to the increased grant. But it is undoubtedly true that if the Company had been careful to be courteous and considerate, and had, by very obvious and simple means, secured the good feeling instead of the ill-feeling of the public, the new grant would have been regarded very differently.

It remains to be seen whether any fresh securities of greater public safety and comfort are to be made the conditions of the new privileges of this dangerous corporation.

THE OLD SOPHISTRY.

The London *Times*, in politely saying to its late pets the rebels, "emancipation will not save you," adds that such an act upon the part of "the confederates" would merely make it absolutely clear that "the federals were fighting, not for the freedom of the negro or the soil, but for imperial dominion, and nothing else."

When the Scottish Jacobites were defeated at Culloden, when Smith O'Brien was seized in Ireland and transported, when the Sepoys were blown from cannon in India, what was the British Government doing? Was it fighting for imperial dominion and nothing else, or was it fighting to maintain the authority of the Government? Is not every sovereign power fighting for imperial dominion when it refuses to yield to rebellion upon its own domain? And has the Government of the United States less rightful sovereign authority over the United States than England has over Scotland, Ireland, or India?

It is necessary constantly to expose this absurdity, because incessant repetition at last works conviction.

Or is it pretended that this Government is debarred from maintaining its sovereignty by force because it exists by the consent of the governed? Does the *Times* or any Englishman gravely assert that therefore any citizen may refuse to pay his tax, or to resist a law which he does not like? If he does, he should mend his knowledge by a little study.

When the Parliament took arms against Charles First, what was the justification? That he had violated the Constitution of England. What was that Constitution? It was a theory and a series of laws and precedents. The theory was that the Government should consist of King, Lords, and Commons. Each part had its privilege. The King asserted a certain extent to his. The Parliament denied it. The most vehement Parliamentary historians agree that the limits of the prerogative had never been exactly defined. Why, then, had not the King a right to determine the limits as well as the Parliament? Because, rightfully answered Parliament, that would put the liberties of every Englishman at his mercy. The King must do nothing against the law, and the law is made by the representatives of the people. The law, therefore, represents the will or consent of the people. Does the *Times* deny that the Government of England exists by the practical consent of Englishmen? What else did Lord Russell mean when he said at Blairgowrie, two years ago, that the British Government would remain neutral in the American war, because undoubtedly a numerical majority of Englishmen sympathized with the American Government? What is the danger that threatens England today? That the consent of the people will be disregarded; in which case, the London *Times* would be terribly taught what is the source of government.

"Yes," says the *Times*, "but the English never admitted the right of revolution." But whether they have or not, they have practiced it. What is the foundation of the present system in England but "the glorious revolution" of 1688 which drove James Second from the throne? What was its justification? The wrongs of the English people, which had no present or prospective legal redress. What was the justification of the American revolution of 1776? The wrongs of the Colonists, which had no present or prospective legal redress. That is the only right of revolution ever asserted in America, and that came in direct descent from England.

But the right of revolution can neither be pleaded for the rebels, nor do they plead it for themselves. It is the right of secession by which they justify their rebellion. Not only had they no unredressed wrongs to declare, but General Lee, their captain, confessed that the rebellion was a mistake, although he did not refuse to yield to the secession of his State. The American people have no more asserted the right of any body of citizens to revolt from their government at pleasure than the English have asserted it; and any causeless insurrection in Kent or Yorkshire could as properly plead the revolution of '88 as a justification as the rebellion in the South can plead the principles of '76.

There is many a man who is perplexed by such sophistry as this of the *Times* and of Lord Russell's dogma, that "the North is fighting for empire and the South for independence." But a little reflection will show him the fallacy.

MR. POWELL'S PICTURE.

The Senate of the United States has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of a picture, by Mr. W. H. Powell, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. Senator Sumner in vain endeavored to provide that no contract should be made until competition had been invited among the painters of the country. The resolution was pressed to a vote, and carried by twenty-three yeas against seventeen nays.

Against this action of the Senate we enter a protest. Mr. Powell is doubtless a deserving gentleman. We certainly know nothing to the contrary. But he does not rank among the most eminent painters in the country; while the sum appropriated is, we believe, the largest ever paid by Congress for a picture. Mr. Powell's picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and it is, in no sense, a work of the highest excellence. But the question involved is not personal. Our objection to the proceeding would be the same whoever had been named by the resolution.

We know nothing of the methods which have been employed to secure this preference of Mr. Powell; but we do know something of the manner in which such a result is usually achieved. It is what is commonly called lobbying. It has little reference to the capacity of the artist or to the value of the work. The interest of some Senator or Senators is enlisted by personal appeals—not pecuniary, but personal. The pressure of private recommendations is brought to bear—recommendations well merited doubtless as to the worth of the individual, but not valuable as to the ability of the artist—until finally the matter becomes a point of pride, and the project is consummated. The consequences of such a method may be contemplated in the Capitol. They are both ludicrous and humiliating.

Plainly the proper course is an open competition. There is not a painter in the country who would not gladly compete for such a work and such a price, and the collection of cartoons which would thus be produced would be both valuable and interesting, while many of those which were unsuccessful would be privately commissioned. This course would enhance the dignity of American art and the popular interest in it; and however opinions might differ as to the propriety of the final decision of the Congressional Committee, there would be no question that all possible means had been taken to reach a fair verdict. This can never be the case so long as the present method is pursued. It is seldom known that a picture is to be ordered until the preparations are completed to secure the success of a certain individual. The inevitable result is dissatisfaction and suspicion, by which the artist himself does not fail to suffer.

The Capitol of the United States is in many respects a noble building; and Mr. Powell is, we have no doubt whatever, a very worthy gentleman. If there is any good reason why the Government should make him a valuable present, we do not complain. But why should the Senate employ a worthy gentleman at a high price to deface the Capitol?

MR. GILMER'S LITTLE JOKE.

Among the reluctant rebels was Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina. He was formerly conspicuous in Congress, and so moderate "a Southerner" that his name was mentioned among those of his section who might be properly invited to a place in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet four years ago. Mr. Gilmer is a large slaveholder, and has been a quiet and conservative member of the rebel Congress at Richmond.

After the failure of the late peace negotiations Mr. Gilmer introduced some resolutions into the rebel House which, if despair has not deranged his mind, are intelligible only as a cunning satire upon the absurdity of the claims of the rebellion. They are in the form of a supplement to the resolutions which declare that the rebels will prosecute the war until they have gained their independence, and resolve that, "*notwithstanding all this, we believe the Confederate States would consent to*—" what does the reader suppose? They would consent, resolves the sly Mr. Gilmer, "that there be a separation between the United States and the Confederate States of America, each perfectly free and independent of each other."

That is the first thing they would "consent to." They would farther consent that there should be a "Diet," to which each might send as many delegates and in such manner as it chose. In the Diet there should be but two votes, one by the Northern, the other by the Southern delegates, and its acts should be binding upon neither party until ratified by each. Finally, the rebels would consent to allow Kentucky and Missouri to decide, by a vote of the people resident in those States at the beginning of the war, whether they would go with the North or the South.

This is grim jesting. It is not difficult to imagine Mr. Gilmer, after hearing Benjamin's speech, which declared the last hope of the rebellion to be the help of the slaves, rising and suggesting with Mephistophelian gravity that, whereas the "Confederate States" took up arms to secure their independence, and whereas, after a war of four years, they are now manifestly overcome by the superior power of the Government, and whereas they can not secure their independence by arms, therefore the same "Confederate States," as a compromise and final adjustment of the quarrel, will "consent to" the recognition of their independence by the United States Government!

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE UNDECEIVED.

Why should the rebel leaders wonder that the people around them no longer trust them? The Southern people are rapidly discovering that they have been fooled by men whose aim was their own aggrandizement, not the welfare of the whole. These men cry frantically to their followers to stand fast. But why should they? Don't despond, says General Lee. But why should they not? Have the results of the war or its conduct been such as to teach them confidence?

The Richmond *Examiner* despairingly exclaims: "If Richmond be held but another six months the fate of the Confederacy will have been favorably decided."

This was on the 27th of February, 1865; but in February, 1861, just four years before, Jefferson Davis said in Stevenson, Alabama: "Your border States will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days, as we will be your only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities where the pavements have been worn by the tread of com-

merce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance, *where food for the sword and torch* await the armies in the densely populated cities."

Do the rebel chiefs suppose that the men to whom they appeal have no sense and no memory? At the opening of the war JEFFERSON DAVIS told them it would be a holiday task to establish "the Southern Confederacy." To-day JEFFERSON DAVIS quakes in Richmond, and his confederates implore the people whom he deceived four years ago to cling to Richmond and all will be well. It is too late. The Southern people have seen the terrible handwriting upon the wall. They know that the leaders who dragged them into rebellion for their own selfish ends now entreat them to remain that the leaders may escape their just doom. No wonder that LEE's army comes into our lines by companies. No wonder that half the rebel army has deserted.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

NOTHING can show more vividly the hopeless dismay and confusion of mind of the rebel whippers-in, than the two extracts that follow, both from the same journal, the Richmond *Examiner*.

On the 22d of February it said: "The fall of Richmond itself, apart from the moral question involved in the fact that it has been the great objective point of a four years' war, and also the fact that it is the principal work-shop of the Confederate armies, would not involve the failure of our cause."

On the 27th of February, five days afterward, the same journal utters a wild cry against the evacuation of the city. It sneers at DAVIS and BENJAMIN for hinting that its loss would not be fatal. "It has become the symbol of the Confederacy. Its loss would be material ruin to the cause, and in a moral point of view absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country.......The hope of establishing a Confederacy and of securing its recognition among nations would be gone forever."

SOCIAL HEROISM.

Ash Wednesday.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Fast season has begun in good earnest, and I hasten to inform you of a new and heroic development of patriotism. The frightful cost of all material for fine dresses has filled many ladies of the highest nobility with a spirit of noble renunciation. There is nothing they will not gladly sacrifice, and they are therefore firmly resolved to dispense with dress altogether! I have recently attended several parties of the selectest fashion, and, with every young man in town, have observed with the most kindling admiration that what you will permit me to call the *heroic movement* is already rapidly advancing. It begins at the top of the dress, and the most unflinching of the fair patriots have already reached a point in the sacrifice far below the neck. The delightful emulation continues, so that by the opening of the next season we may confidently expect to see perfect heroism.

Of course as dress disappears a refined and delicate substitute is provided. The neck, for instance, is draped in the most exquisite enamel; the cheeks are protected by the rosiest rouge, and lest the exposure of the eyebrows and eyelids should be injurious to health, they are clothed in the softest henna. This simple costume is surely enough for those who are ready for the last sacrifice. What sublime economy! What unspeakable renunciation! The farther it goes the more indescribable it is. I wish you would come and see for yourself. We never think of not going to parties now when there is so much to be seen; and what do we not owe to ladies who thus surrender every thing! A queer old prig to whom I was dilating with enthusiasm upon the subject, replied, "Yes, I have seen a great deal in my time, but this gives me an entirely new view of woman." Of course it does. Is it not clear that every one who is capable of taking part in this great movement is capable of any thing?

I know that you are interested in every thing which shows devotion to the country, and although you were a little skeptical about the Women's League to use only domestic manufactures, because you thought there was some evasion about it, I am sure you will hear with astonishment and gratitude of this truly brave economy which conceals nothing. All for our country or dress well lost, is the inspiring rallying cry of the lovely patriots.

Good-by. I must be off to dress for the ball, which the ladies used to do before these patriotic days. Yet Dress is just the difference between us now. How much trouble they save themselves! But all virtue has its compensation. Remember I have told you nothing but the naked truth, and have barely time to subscribe myself,

Yours in breathless expectation,

THOMAS PEEP.

COLONEL COLYER.

EVERY honest man will be glad of the appointment by the Governor of Colonel VINCENT COLYER as Superintendent of the New York Soldiers' Dépôt. Colonel COLYER has devoted himself unreservedly from the beginning of the rebellion to the truest service of the country, and his earnestness, efficiency, fidelity, and profound conviction of the justice of the war have made him one of the best friends of the soldiers. We congratulate all of them who fall into his hands. The State will be fortunate if every appointment made by Governor FENTON is as wise as that of Colonel COLYER.

LITERARY.

THE new edition of THACKERAY's works to be issued by the HARPERS, of which "Vanity Fair," in three volumes, is now ready, is one of the most beautiful series of volumes ever printed. The text, the paper, and the binding, will delight all collectors of exquisite books, while the elegant and permanent form thus given to the works of one of the great masters of English literature will satisfy his sincerest lovers. A new and happy device in the "getting up" of this edition of "Vanity Fair" is the fac-simile of the author's autograph upon the cover, and the portrait which adorns it is engraved from LAWRENCE's drawing, which reproduces that characteristic lift of the head which all who ever saw THACKERAY will instantly recall. The illustrations are from the admirable originals by the author, and the edition is prepared with a faithful care which will give it precedence over all others.

Dr. DRAPER's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," one of the most remarkable works of the time, has been republished in England, and Italian and Dutch translations are in preparation. The last number of the *Westminster Review*, in the course of an article upon it, speaks of the work of this accomplished American scholar as "one of the not least remarkable achievements in the progress of philosophy that have yet been made in the English tongue. It is a noble and even magnificent attempt to frame an induction from all the recorded phenomena of European, Asiatic, and North African history, and thereupon to establish certain definite principles of social and intellectual development....It has been elaborated with a degree of care, assiduity, and attention to orderly arrangement, combined with a graceful, and at times very eloquent diction, which give it an independent interest of the highest character to any mind not warped and prejudiced against the modes of thought it presents. All the latest researches in history, all the most recent discoveries in the realms of geology, mechanical science, natural science, and language, every minute particular that can explain or illustrate the general progress of all the European races from the most primitive ages, are accurately and copiously detailed in their several relations. Nor is the author without such an art of representation as can render a book not only such as we ought to read, but also such as we like to read. He deals with the most abstract metaphysical subtleties, such as the theology of Buddhism, the psychology of Plato, and the necromancy of Egypt, with a lucidity and general affection for his subject which much facilitates for the reader the process of assimilation. Again, there are passages such as those exhibiting the general condition of Indian intellect, the corruption and immorality of the late days of the Roman empire, the progress of the Saracen conquests, and the maritime discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where Dr. DRAPER soars to a height of eloquence not commonly met with in, yet by no means impairing the cogency of, a strictly philosophic treatise."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE military record of the past week furnishes but a single item, a glorious one, however, namely, the rout of General Early's army and the capture of its commander, giving us possession at the same time of Charlottesville. This information comes to us from General Grant. It is based upon the reports of deserters, but the uniformity of the reports, coming as they did from various parts of the enemy's lines, is a certain proof that the enemy, at least, believed them to be true.

As to General Sherman we have no precise information, but there is good reason to believe that he has effected a junction with Schofield, and has slipped in between Beauregard and Wilmington, taking Florence and securing his line of communication. If he had pushed forward toward Danville, the scheme would have been bolder than prudent. And as Sheridan is operating with great promptness against the line from Richmond westward, with a powerful reserve of veteran troops under Hancock in his rear, the necessity of Sherman's moving on Danville may be in great measure obviated. A glance at the map will show that the road through Lynchburg, traversing 270 miles of the State of Virginia, is of greater value to the enemy than the road through Danville traversing only half that space of Virginia soil, while the tract which it drains in North Carolina is either already destroyed by Sherman or being exhausted by Johnston's army. It is also to be remembered that Lynchburg, once in our possession, is a favorable base of operations against the Danville road; also it should be borne in mind that Grant's extreme left is only five miles distant from that road.

Our lines are now complete to Hatcher's Run, to which place Grant's military railroad now runs. The enemy have been under the impression that Grant was massing troops on his left for a new attempt on the Southside Road. Our army in Virginia is being strongly reinforced by the new recruits which are rapidly taking the field. The three hundred thousand men thus soon to be added to our armies will enable General Grant to push on the spring campaign with great vigor. This, by-the-way, is the exact number of negro recruits which the Confederate Congress proposes to raise. The House has passed another bill, differing from the former one, which was defeated in the Senate, in the fact that it does not guarantee freedom to the enlisted slave. Passed in this shape, contrary to General Lee's recommendation, it is likely to prove rather an obstacle than a relief to the enemy. To arm slaves in a war to perpetuate slavery is suicidal. The apprehension which will be created will make it necessary to employ a large armed force to keep the negroes under control during their military discipline, and even when this shall have been perfected, they will take the first opportunity which offers to turn the table against their masters, whom many of them love indeed, but whom they would easily sacrifice for their freedom, which they love better. In the mean time the State of Virginia, through her Legislature, has authorized the Confederate President to call upon her for her quota of slave soldiers.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.

The great political event of the week was the President's re-inauguration on the 4th. The ceremony was very interesting and impressive. The following was the Inaugural Address delivered by the President:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

THE END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

The closing business of the Thirty-eighth Congress was hurried through without much ceremony. We give the record of the last days in our usual chronicle.

March 1:

In the Senate, a bill was passed giving the Lieutenant-General's Chief-of-Staff the pay of a Brigadier-General. The $600,000,000 Loan bill passed without amendment. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed; also the bill to establish the office of Naval Judge Advocate.

In the House, the Amendatory Tariff bill and the Legislative Appropriation bill were passed.

March 2:

In the Senate, the Tax bill was perfected and adopted.

In the House, three additional Standing Committees were established. 1. Committee on Appropriations. 2. Committee on Banking and Currency. 3. Committee on Pacific Railroad. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed; also a bill regulating the disposal of unpaid letters. A bill restricting the issue of circulating notes by National Banks was passed.

March 3:

In the Senate, the annual Post-route bill and the Revised Tariff bill were passed. Also the Freedmen's Bureau bill. The Conference Report on the Internal Revenue bill was concurred in.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Enrollment bill were agreed to. The Conference Report on the Freedmen's Bureau bill was concurred in. The Indian Appropriation bill and a bill authorizing the coinage of three-cent pieces were passed.

March 4:

In the Senate, the Conference Report on the Amended Enrollment bill was adopted. The bill for the coinage of three-cent pieces was passed. At noon Vice-President Johnson took the official oath and the Senate adjourned. The Clerk then read the proclamation for an extra session; the new members were sworn in, and the Senate in a body joined in the ceremonies of the inauguration.

In the House, the Senate's amendment to the bill reducing the duty on imported printing paper only to 15 instead of 3 per cent. was non-concurred in. The Army Appropriation bill was passed. The Civil Appropriation bill was laid over. After an eloquent address from the Speaker the House adjourned.

NEWS ITEMS.

A letter from Wilmington, North Carolina, states that reliable information had been received at that city that Sherman's advance entered North Carolina two weeks ago, and that he himself was at Camden, in that State, on the 28th ult.

Hon. Hugh M'Culloch was confirmed as Secretary of the Treasury by the Senate on the 7th.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, will not take action in the case of Green, the Malden murderer, until legislative action is taken upon the subject of the abolition of capital punishment, referred to in the message of his Excellency.

A Canada paper estimates that forty-three thousand Canadians have enlisted in the Federal army since the commencement of the war. Of these it is calculated that fourteen thousand have died on the battle-field.

The New Jersey Legislature has rejected the Constitutional Amendment.

According to General Gillmore's report 450 pieces of ordnance were taken with Charleston.

Georgetown has been evacuated by the enemy, and is now in our possession.

Brigadier-General James H. Ledlie, late commander of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps, has resigned his commission on account of continued ill-health.

Colonel Alonzo Alden, injured at the explosion in Fort Fisher, has been promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship.

General Forrest is busy reorganizing the rebel cavalry in the district of Mississippi, East Louisiana, and West Tennessee.

General Grierson is to have charge of all the Federal cavalry in the Department of the West.

Brigadier-General William Hays, late Assistant Provost Marshal in New York City, having reported to General Humphreys for duty, has been assigned to the temporary command of the Second Division.

Another railroad slaughter occurred on the Camden Road, near Bristol, on the 7th instant, by which nine lives were lost, and some thirty persons seriously injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

ON the 15th of February the Legislative Session was opened by the French Emperor in person. In his speech he indicated no change in his attitude toward this country. The treaty of commerce between France and Sweden had been signed.

The Italian King on the 13th of February authorized the publication of the Pope's Encyclical Letter—reserving, however, the rights of the State and Crown, and without admitting the propositions contained in those documents which may be contrary to the institutions and legislation of the country.

The difficulty between Spain and Peru has been settled by the payment on the part of the latter of 400,000,000 reals as an indemnity to Spain.

The new Confederate ram *Stonewall* was at Ferrol at our latest advices. She had three heavy guns and seventy-four men, but was not considered sea-worthy.

In England there was considerable commercial depression, occasioned by the rumors of the Peace Conference between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COMPANION.—A parrot was lately advertised, and after painting its personal beauties, its other accomplishments were thus described: "Will laugh, sing, and talk; perfectly good temper; no bad language; well worth the attention of any person that may want a companion!" We do not remember to have met with any human advertiser so finely gifted, and would recommend to some elderly bachelor, in making his election, to ponder maturely upon the merits of the young ladies who may tempt him from celibacy and the above state of the poll.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Stitch in Time saves Nine. By the author of *It is Never too Late to Mend.*

The Art of Singing. F. SHARP. (Octavo.)

How we Cut Out the Temeraire, from the log of a retired Naval Officer.

The Strong Ale Chronicles (in the press-gang), being twenty years' recollections of public life. (Quarto.)

The Undertaker's Manual. HEARST AND BLACKIT.

WANTED.

The time that the engines played upon the late fire.

The off wheel of the coach and four that was driven through an Act of Congress.

The wrong horse that had the saddle put upon him.

Any one of the wards belonging to the key in which Patti sings.

A coffin in which the celebrated "dead lock" that affairs come to was buried.

A photograph of the bruises on the hour that was struck by the clock.

The exact elevation of the gentleman who was above telling a lie.

The exact distance of a statement that is beyond belief.

The whereabouts of the gentleman who was knocked into the middle of next week.

The top of the morning.

The biceps of an arm of the sea.

A bunion from the foot of a mountain.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.—We have much pleasure in announcing a sweet thing in coiffures. It consists in a *bandeau* formed of gold and silver, and set with diamonds and other precious stones of various colors, arranged in two numerical figures indicating the wearer's age.

GOOD PLACE FOR HOT WINE IN COLD WEATHER—The Isle of Mull.

A BOOK FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.—The late King of Prussia once sent to an aid-de-camp, Colonel Malachowki, who was brave but poor, a small port-folio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterward he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent you?" "Excessively, Sire," replied the Colonel. "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience." The King smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another port-folio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This work is complete in two volumes."

The winds sweep, the waves wash, the clouds weave, and the planets spin. A good housewife does all these.

ONLY A POET.—Mr. Tennyson recently lodged for a few days in a little island inn of the Hebrides along with other tourists. On his departure a young sportsman said to the inn-keeper, "Do you know whom you have had in the house?" "No," replied the inn-keeper. "That gentleman is the poet-laureate." "The poet-laureate!" echoed Donald. "Was it for a poet that I kept the best bed—a bard—a sennachie?" and he marched off, apparently quite indignant at himself for his undesigned politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

An over-scrupulous editor refused to insert a poulterer's business announcement on the ground that it was a *quack* advertisement.

A Manchester gentleman having invented a new dance, with a true commercial eye has christened it the "Cotton Reel."

WEIGHED.—A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said, "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

The newest mechanical contrivance announced is Mr. Harrison's invention of "Weaving by Compressed Air." Is this what has been so long "looming in the future?"

A SELL.—A charming French actress, embarking with a rich monsieur from France, dropped a small box overboard as if by accident, whereupon she cried out in despair, "The diamonds of my child! Lost! lost! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" She was consoled as well as possible at the time by her wealthy admirer's making her a costly present. Subsequently the box was fished up, and, for a considerable reward, transferred to him. What was his astonishment on finding it contained only *dominoes!*

HOW TO MAKE A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY—Send it by rail.

THE PROPER DAY FOR MARRIAGES—Wedd'nsday.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.—A young gentleman accused a lady of his acquaintance with having broken his peace of mind, she in return gave him a piece of her mind; but he did not consider the donation as a substitute.

VERY SOOTHING.—Brigands in Greece pour boiling oil on their captives to extort their money. That's an unpalatable "ile" of Greece.

A general shouldn't stand too straight. He ought to lean a little upon his staff.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—An old man, on being asked how he had lived to attain so great an age, replied, "When I could sit I never stood: I married late, was soon a widower, and never married again."

WHISKY.—An old Red Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years, said that a barrel of liquor contained 1000 songs and 50 fights.

A gentleman was one day, in the old coaching times, traveling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace. "Pray," said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?" "The Regulator," was the reply. "And a very appropriate name too," said the traveler, "for I see all the other coaches *go by it.*"

A QUEER START.—"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt and go in.

THE QUACK'S MOTTO—I diddle-diddle.

THE THREE WISHES.

THE eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his jailers: "You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, Sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see any thing—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed any thing of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offense, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the count can not be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

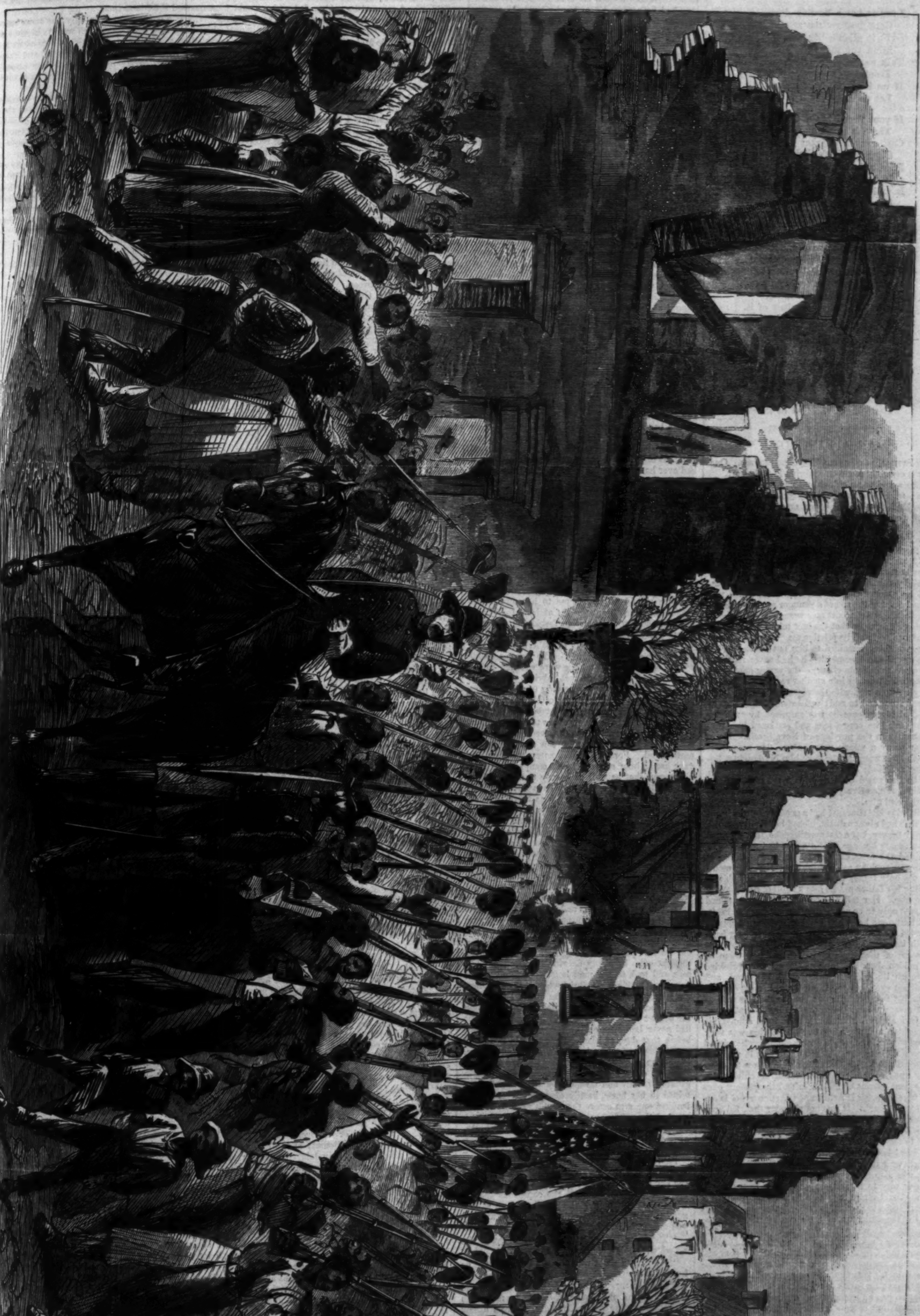
VISIT TO FORT SUMTER BY GENERAL GILLMORE AND STAFF, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

THE first inauguration of President LINCOLN was under circumstances of most intense interest. The people were wrought up to a high pitch of expectation. They were eager with apprehension, which was partially relieved by the eagerness of the hope that balanced with their fear. The apprehension related to the revolutionary excitement which was already culminating in the Gulf States—the hope wavered toward some deep resource of statesmanship, as yet unknown, which might master the storm and save the Republic. In the election of Mr. LINCOLN, the people, though they issued no writ of ejectment against slavery in States, yet forbade its extension over the national territory. By his election the Government became national without doing the least violence to the reserved immunities of the States; it became national instead of sectional. But the necessity had already long existed for a sectional government in order to the perpetuation of slavery. A national creed was, therefore, unacceptable to the South. She required that every issue in which *all* the people were interested should be decided in the interest of a part, and that part a minority. Because in a single instance the people had decided otherwise a revolution of terrible import was growing rapidly toward its crisis. And the watch-word of the revolutionists was this paradox: That the Republic was invading certain States because it would no longer suffer *their* invasion on its own most sacred immunities.

For two reasons the popular expectation centred upon Mr. LINCOLN. His election was in some sort the pretext of the revolutionists, and his attitude toward the revolution must now represent the decision of the people. Up to the time of his inauguration Mr. LINCOLN was very reticent. But in his inaugural address his voice was clear and decided. The peculiar feature of the address was its nationality. Up to that moment the national consciousness of our people had found little expression of itself. Now we were one people, with a common boundary which we determined should be as inviolable by traitors as by a foreign enemy.

Mr. LINCOLN's second inaugural address was delivered under far different circumstances from the first. In the one case the address was the principal thing. March 4, 1861, the people waited upon Mr. LINCOLN's *words;* March 4, 1865, the solemn ceremonies of inauguration were inseparable from an expression of triumph—it was the occasion itself and the spectacle which impressed the people. The most that was required of the second inaugural address was that it should befit the occasion. It was needless to reiterate statements already given as to the policy to be pursued in the conduct of the war, or as to the conditions necessary to peace. The President's views on these matters are well known to the people, and they are the views of the people. In fact, President LINCOLN, in this second address, simply alludes briefly to the change of situation since his first inauguration, only dwelling for a moment upon the relation of slavery to the war, and then proceeds to take upon himself anew the vow of fidelity to the Constitution of the United States. The ceremony was an impressive one. The most hopeful thought connected with this event is that its next repetition will find us a united and happy people.



"MARCHING ON!"—THE FIFTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS COLORED REGIMENT SINGING JOHN BROWN'S MARCH IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

LET US MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

LIFE is but a fleeting dream,
  Care destroys the zest of it;
Swift it glideth like a stream—
  Mind you make the best of it!
Talk not of your weary woes,
  Troubles, or the rest of it;
If we have but brief repose,
  Let us make the best of it!

If your friend has got a heart,
  There is something fine in him;
Cast away his darker part,
  Cling to what's divine in him.
Friendship is our best relief—
  Make no heartless jest of it;
It will brighten every grief,
  If we make the best of it.

Happiness despises state;
  'Tis no sage experiment,
Simply that the wise and great
  May have joy and merriment;
Rank is not its spell refined—
  Money's not the test of it,
But a calm contented mind,
  That will make the best of it.

Trusting in the Power above,
  Which, sustaining all of us
In one common bond of love,
  Bindeth great and small of us,
Whatsoever may befall—
  Sorrows or the rest of it—
We shall overcome them all,
  If we make the best of it.

AN APPARITION.

"FATE will find us out," says the proverb. One day it certainly found out Sabrina D'Arlincourt.

She would be an old, old woman, were she alive now; for it is more than fifty years ago that she flourished, the belle of belles, among all the beautiful women in that old town of the Provinces. Her father, an officer in the British army, neither particularly talented nor efficient, had been stationed there during many years previous to the War of 1812, and was suffered to remain there through the greater part of its continuance. Once he had been a wild youth, living the gayest of gay London lives, till he exhausted his slender portion, which was merely that of the son of a younger son; for the cadets of the D'Arlincourt race were meagrely enough endowed, in order that the heir might maintain his ancient line in all its pristine magnificence. Thus, when nothing remained to him but the income of his sword—an income that he had never regarded as more than loose change—the young gentleman obtained a transfer into another regiment, meaning to pick up a rich wife thereby as he patrolled England from end to end; and before he had accomplished his purpose he was surprised by an order that took him across seas and stationed him permanently in the province of Nova Scotia. Here, after many a weary year, he one day married a meek little woman, who gave him his daughter Sabrina and died; and here he continued to live, and, as he had ruled his wife with a rod of iron, by a natural retributive justice the young lady henceforth ruled him.

Sabrina D'Arlincourt had a good deal of the beauty that had always distinguished her family—not a lovely beauty, but a commanding one, that received involuntary homage as if a queen had passed. If she did the most daring and unheard-of things it was with such an astonishing grace that they seemed the only things fit to be done, and the habit of ruling her father passed into a habit of ruling every one else. Her tall and sumptuous figure seemed formed only to be adorned by richest hues and softest textures; her white hand, shapely as sculpture, carried jewels like a part of itself; her long hair, with its large loose wave, bore in its shadows just enough of that tinge of red to make it seem as if golden dust had been powdered and sprinkled through it; while her rich color, her black and brilliant eyes, her sparkling teeth, her curved and haughty features, all gave her the right as well as the power not only to reign but to take captive.

Old Major D'Arlincourt, it is true, adored his daughter, and after her fashion Sabrina was very fond of him. In return for his adoration he wished also a little reverence. The only way in which it seemed practicable to him to obtain it was by dilating upon certain remembrances of his childhood—the past glories of his uncle and the present ones of his cousin, Sir D'Arlincourt D'Arlincourt of D'Arlincourt Court. It was not singular that, fed upon such recitals, Sabrina should have fancied herself entitled to perfect fealty, and, although she belonged to the younger branch in England, should have plumed herself upon the fact that in Nova Scotia there were no other D'Arlincourts than themselves. It was also not singular that, since there was no other way to meet them upon their own ground, she should aspire to some alliance that, when they went home to England, would place them on a level with the eminence of their cousins the D'Arlincourts. It was then, these altitudes considered, *extremely* singular when, one day, Sabrina D'Arlincourt found herself the promised wife of a poor and obscure young artist, who earned a scanty livelihood by his portraits. It only proved that this superb creature, with her outer crust of pride and power, had an undercurrent of fire like the molten stream that courses arterially under the hardened surface of the lava torrent.

It had been a gala-day in the place; troops had been under review, and ships-of-war had come floating up the harbor, with all their white sails set, like a fleet of swans. Sabrina, with a company of her friends and subjects—she had no enemies—was on horseback, making herself, as was unavoidable, a part of the pageant, in her purple habit, white feather, and froward veil, riding an Arab that listened to no voice and obeyed no hand but hers—a horse that had been sent out to her by her lofty cousin on some report of the beauty that did honor to his name. Suddenly, one moment, not at the noisy blare of the trumpets nor the salute of the artillery, but at the flirt of a white handkerchief, the little Arab sidled, reared, and shot forward, went flying through the air, with Sabrina in the saddle, as he leaped some obstacle, and taking the bit between his teeth, threw out his length, and left the road behind him at a pace that the wind itself could hardly follow. A dozen gallants started in pursuit, which only made matters worse with this fiery spirit of the desert. Sabrina, far too splendid a horsewoman to dream of disaster, would have recklessly enjoyed the race had not a fearful doubt, grown every moment into a certainty, that at the end of this road yawned a dry gully, too wide for any leaping, and floored with rocks and thorn-bushes some thirty feet below, and toward the horrible death that gully offered she and the Arab were plunging on together. While then, for the first time, this untamed being was brought face to face with unspeakable fear, her eye, seeking vainly for help, caught sight of a form dashing down a hill-side some way beyond her on the right, standing in the middle of the road, waving a hat and cheering, the owner of which, when the Arab veered, with a daring spring caught at the bridle and dragged the lady from the saddle, and the animal turned about, raced back to town, scattering consternation among the group of pursuers, with his empty saddle, till they turned the angle of the road, and caught sight of the rescued in the arms of the stranger who had saved her.

The first thing that Sabrina D'Arlincourt saw, as she woke from the swoon and from the nightmare of death that had never until now crossed her imagination in connection with herself, was this face bending over her own. No wonder that it seemed to her as beautiful as heaven. And, in fact, a more truly beautiful countenance than Gabriel Angier's never existed out of a picture; and if she dreamed of it that night, it was the first time that any identity had ever haunted her dreams with the least special significance. It was not long after this, before—as Major D'Arlincourt had previously desired to send home a likeness of his daughter—that this daughter mentioned a suitable artist, and sat to Gabriel Angier that he might transfer her bloom to his canvas, so far as it was possible for any pencil to do it. The immediate and ostensible results of this proceeding were that Sir D'Arlincourt's rapture found expression in fit and magnificent presents; Miss Sabrina was urged to visit D'Arlincourt Court, and Lady D'Arlincourt insisted that her young cousin-in-law's measure should be sent home to her own dressmaker that such beauty might at least be fitly attired in the supplest Parisian fashioning. Not to accept every thing offered by the head of the house would have been treason in the D'Arlincourt code, and never entered Sabrina's. The less ostensible results of the portrait-taking were working to the light through the lessons that Sabrina, with others besides herself, was now receiving from the young painter in his art, through the carelessness of gay society that, for the season, overcame her, and through the flighty fitfulness of her temper, that formerly had never varied from its sweet supremacy—for Sabrina had ruled as the sun and not as the north wind. For meanwhile, as every other day gave her an hour or more in his company, Sabrina discovered that as well as beauty to admire there was nobility to reverence in this penniless young man, and to many eyes as much as there is reverential in silver age, there is no less in pure and severe youth. Here was the first person that had ever dared reprove her, the first that had ever made her afraid of him, the first to whom she had ever given a second thought. In the coquetry, not by any means foreign to any feminine creature, seeing that she could in no way have touched this young man's fancy when he so far preferred his own good opinion before hers, Miss Sabrina determined that he should care for hers, and so seriously did she make it an object as to surprise herself one day by discovering that it *was* an object. This then had roused her acerbities and tyrannies—for as to tying her lot to a poor painter's pallet, it was not to be thought of! Suddenly Sabrina broke off her lessons and took to her mad horsewomanship again, sometimes nodding to Gabriel when she passed him, sometimes declining to see him at all, and after a few of these blank outdoor denials, on one occasion the painter took his revenge by meeting her as if he had never laid eyes on the perfectness of her face before that day, or having done so, had dismissed the matter from his mind. For an instant angry, the action brought my lady to terms, and the next time she came across the painter sketching backgrounds of hill and meadow for his portraits, she reined in her horse, hastily dismounted, and stood leaning one arm across the Arab's neck as she inspected the work beneath her. "I thought you had forgotten me, Mr. Angier," said she, abruptly, after a little while.

"No," said he, "I shall never forget you."

Sabrina stooped, plucking the blue-eyed grass. It was not so blue as Mr. Gabriel's eyes, nor was the sky any bluer. As she stood there she was no longer the haughty woman, the capricious beauty, but a natural happy child. He looked up at her and smiled, and laid down his brush. "Let me help you mount," said he.

"Then you do not want me any longer?" she asked, with half a laugh and half a pout.

"How can I paint with the sun in my eyes?" he hurriedly answered.

The color surged like a tide over her cheek and brow. It was all he had ever said to her more than to another. She rode off rapidly, yet cast a look behind and saw him still standing there, gazing after her; and in the heavenly blue of those gazing eyes a pathetic pain cut her to the heart one moment, and then, with a wild joy tearing up to her lips, and riding on alone on the causeway through the meadows, she began singing the sonorous stirring battle-songs of the cavaliers as if she were sure of conquest.

It was at this time that her father was ordered upon the frontier; and she was left in the care of an old friend, a wealthy widow lady who would once have liked it well if Sabrina could have called her mother.

In his first battle Major D'Arlincourt fell mortally wounded.

When the grief that was created by so unprepared-for a severing of natural ties had grown so that one could look through it, the first consideration was Sabrina's future. She was entirely destitute, and all her patrimony was her father's debts. She might have continued where she was; but that was charity, and insupportable. She might go to her father's cousin; but how she would be received there was uncertain. The old D'Arlincourt ambition and pride was as fierce with her as with any of her name, and with it in her, because she was a woman, was a heart crying out for care and affection and love. One day, then, when she came down to luncheon and found Gabriel, after his three months' absence in another town, sitting there at the table of this good lady who was nearly as much his friend as Sabrina's, her pulse bounded with a throb such as she had not felt for many a weary day. One moment she was indignant with herself; the next, she was surrendered to the first happiness she had known in all that time between. It was not every day, after this, that Mr. Gabriel came. Once, when he did, he found Sabrina busy at the old sketches she had formerly begun under his tuition. "You see," said she, looking up with her smile, and then a flash, and then a reddening, "I am furnishing all the little that I know, for sooner or later I may find my need of it. I am poor, you remember." She was a little haughtier than ever as she said it.

A singular expression lightened Gabriel's face while he listened. "I am glad to hear it," said he.

She looked up angrily, but her eyes fell before his.

"I am glad to hear it," repeated he. "You will learn that life is not play. You will perhaps become as noble as you are beautiful."

"Do you think I am beautiful?" asked Sabrina, raising her eyes again, and not in the least offended, though she would have withered such familiarity from another. "Once you said, I recollect, that I was proud and petted and perverse!"

He was standing opposite her seat, only the little table with her desk between them. "Proud you still are," returned he, smilingly. "Petted you still may be—we shall see if you are still perverse." And his hand had covered hers as it lay upon the desk, and, bending across, his lips were met by the lips of her beaming upturned face in a kiss as deep, as warm, and as forgetful as his own. "Is this hand mine?" he asked. And Sabrina let it stay. After that it would have been too late to retract. But far from dreaming such a thing, though now he sat beside her and still kept the treasured hand in his, she had bowed her head upon the desk with its sketches swept aside, and looking now and then from between the coquettish lashes to make certain that he was still there, dreamed for a moment only of perfect trust, reliance, rest, and peace. Nothing could have exceeded the pleasure of Mrs. Howard, Sabrina's present guardian, at the announcement which the uninterrupted attitude of the two gave her as she entered the room—she was one of the kind that believe in love—nothing but Gabriel's possession of a fortune. And though Gabriel bound Sabrina's view down closely to the narrow horizon of his income, which was not so much altogether as she would have liked for pin-money, Mrs. Howard was determined that their future launch in life should date from the grandest of grand bridals, and with that view very shortly sent by the *Foambell* her own orders for Sabrina's wedding-gown to the famous dress-maker overseas who received the D'Arlincourt orders. It was to be of Spanish brocade, each fold to fall in lustre and amplitude silver-white and thick as some waxen leaf, and the garnishing of the whole to be in Irish lace, sown with seed-pearl.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, "she will look like a vision sliding down a moonbeam; but whereabouts in our little house that is to be can such splendor hide itself so as not to overflow?"

And at that Sabrina began to build fine schemes of all that her cousin, D'Arlincourt, should do to bring gold and fame to the young artist when they both sought English shores, as had been planned. It would not be in any little house that her future should be spent; for since Sir Joshua and many another had found knighthood, why might the day not come when Lady Gabriel Angier should take her place beside the titled lady of D'Arlincourt Court; and for this consummation her hopes rested far more on her cousin's influence than on Gabriel's brush. And in the interim she was as well pleased as any maiden at thought of the dazzle of her wedding-gown.

Meanwhile Gabriel, having become a lover and ceased to be a monitor, was a lover in earnest, growing nearly as proud of Sabrina as Sabrina was proud of herself. It made no moment to her that her companions wondered or satirized. She herself was the law that she followed; and, all else prepared, the marriage was only delayed for the arrival of the *Foambell* with the wedding paraphernalia on board of her. In Sabrina's and in Mrs. Howard's eyes nothing constituted the freight of the *Foambell* but that one box of bridal finery. And when one remembered all the blithe scene on the morning that order was written out; all the blushing, the admiring, the laughing, the embracing; how gay Gabriel was; how oblivious the duenna; how sweet and sunshiny Sabrina herself, it would have been no wonder if such a host of recollections were sufficient in themselves to freight any vessel.

When Gabriel put off the austerity that perhaps he had felt it necessary to wear as a guard against the bewitchment and beauty of this girl, in station so far beyond his reach, as it then appeared, nothing surpassed his winning power. Sabrina felt it so much that, as if warned by an innermost instinct, half the time when he came she refused to see him, with a vague determination not to subject herself wholly to this influence until irretrievably its bounden captive. But even this charm of his was sometimes crossed by an angry hovering jealousy, when others found favor with her, that in a white face made his eyes dark, glittering, and restless, above compressed lips; and then, as the glance of them met hers, Sabrina would be only the more mischievously wild and gay, till he would quietly bid her adieu and go out to walk off his mood as he might in the dark and lonely streets; and then through all his severe manner meant for others, that look meant for her only would haunt and hurt her half the night.

Three incidents then occurred with some bearing upon the lovers. One day it was discovered that the *Foambell* with all her precious cargo, whatever it might be, had been made the prize of an American privateer and taken into an American harbor. Another day, news came that Sir D'Arlincourt D'Arlincourt had departed this life: all hopes of help from that direction died with him. The third bit of news was the declaration of peace. The loss of the *Foambell* retarded things yet a little longer; and, after that, to show her impetuous lover that she was yet mistress of herself, Sabrina put off her wedding-day another time. The death of her cousin destroyed all her plans for Gabriel's advancement and her own. The declaration of peace brought a gentleman of great wealth and some presence from Baltimore to the Provinces. He was a relative of Mrs. Howard's, and, according to the true Provincial hospitality, made her house his home; and with her the saying proved only too true that blood is thicker than water. The old lady could not help sighing, to herself first and afterward to Sabrina, that it was not Mr. Hilary instead of Gabriel that was going to take her away; and then the good woman would go off into dilations upon the style and splendor of the Hilary mansions: their retinue of slaves, their equipages, and appurtenances, till, Gabriel being out of the way—more especially as Mr. Hilary himself was evidently of that way of thinking—Sabrina could hardly help wishing so too. And Gabriel, seeing dimly how the tide was setting, continued out of the way, giving his rival unfair advantage; and Mr. Hilary made the most of every opportunity afforded him, loading her with flowers, putting his superb horses at her service, since the Arab had long been sold, with every thing else that could in any way cover her father's debts, bringing her music and books, paying her compliments as extravagant as Gabriel's were delicate—though perhaps none the less sincere for that—and finally one day, through Mrs. Howard, making to Miss D'Arlincourt the direct offer of his hand.

That very day Gabriel came in, and in her own little music-room was seated beside Sabrina. He tossed into her lap a bunch of damask roses that must have blossomed under his touch upon some wayside bush, since certainly no flowers were to be found outdoors upon that late autumn day with its light snow falling. "Some roses for my rose," said he, "although she has no need of any but her own." They bloomed on Sabrina's cheek afresh as he spoke, but she silently gathered the stems with one hand while the other yet murmured over the strings of the harp still vibrating with the tune. Gabriel laid his palm upon the strings to deaden them, and bent toward her. "Well," said he, "and is that my morning greeting?"

"Don't be idle now, Mr. Gabriel Angier," was answered with a pretty dignity.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, drawing back, "there is no sorrow, I have heard say, like that of the phrase 'once it was.'"

Just then Mr. Hilary went down the stair and went out. "Is that creature here yet?" asked Gabriel.

"That creature is my very good friend," said Sabrina, with stateliness.

"Ah, the more pity. Shall I tell you what I have heard? No, not I, will take my love's name in vain." And he possessed himself of her sketching-book. But Sabrina knew very well that it could be nothing but mention of herself with another that he would speak of thus. "Play to me, Sabrina," said he, half-lying back among the cushions and watching the slow descent of the large flakes without, that promised a long, heavy storm; "play some tune like that these flakes are falling to. I remember when I was a child I was lost in a snow-storm out upon moors like those beyond this town; the snow has ever since had a cruel kind of fascination to me. Can you tell me why I made it the background to your picture so long, so long ago?—Play, my love." So Sabrina played, a slender, ringing, melancholy tune, as if the rising wind had caught its wings between the strings. "Ah," said Gabriel, as she finished, "when I have you and your music always with me, what wonderful things shall I not do! I will paint the Archangel listening to music, and nobody will guess that it is but I myself transformed by your voice. Sometimes I do not dare to dream of all that can be accomplished and fulfilled in those happy days." And then, in tenderer terms, Gabriel asked her when they should begin.

With a careless word Sabrina put him off; she had no heart yet to go into that small house of which he had told her. And when he would not accept her answer my lady withdrew into her shell and defied him.

"Sabrina," said Gabriel, "if you care for me, you can not torture me so. I love you, and I can not endure it."

"Put an end to it then, Mr. Angier," said Sabrina, curtly.

Gabriel rose, walking up and down the room; stopped at last an instant before her, gave her one long look, a look full of pathos and full of love, and without a word went out. When the door closed behind him, soft and dull, Sabrina found in her hand the ring that once she had given him. And just then Mrs. Howard came in, the bearer of Mr. Hilary's proposal. There was no time to think, no time to feel; and, with her cheek burning like an autumn leaf, Sabrina—angry, pained, proud, pleased at once—gave her answer.

But whether Gabriel sailed away that day in any outward-bound ship for the United States or England; or whether he wandered out upon that wild lonely moor behind the town, and, bewildered in the thickening snow-storm, the trackless, misty

day, the starless, windy night, with that tune her harp-strings sung still ringing silverly in his ears, he had lost himself and perished in the drifts, Sabrina never knew.

Certainly after seeking her in the full knowledge of her existing relations with another, Mr. Hilary deserved a loveless wife, and certainly he got one. He had no idea of waiting upon caprices; affairs were ordained at his pleasure; before ice should sleet the rigging of his yacht he carried his wife with him back to Baltimore.

Plunged at once into far gayer society than ever her native town afforded, with its officers and barracks, queening it in her old way, and still taking hearts by storm, Mrs. Hilary might well forget Sabrina D'Arlincourt. The day that left her free with the ring between her fingers she had shut down a lid upon all her inner self, and fastened it, it seemed, with bands of iron. She ignored the past, gave no heed to the future, lived only in the gorgeous present. The dinners, the balls, the entertainments that she gave, were unequaled by any others; her diamonds, her lace, her shawls, and her velvets, were the despair of her female friends each and every; her horses and her coachmen were such as in all the region no gentleman's possessions excelled. To those who saw her only in the drive or on the street she seemed too brilliant a meteor to do any thing but pass; to those who haunted her hearth she was the thing to make them forget all the world besides in the intoxication of her smile. As to her husband this did not displease him; she was a part of his *entourage*—he wished her worshiped. Gay, flattered, adored, commanding, the cup of triumph was forever at her lips. From the hour that she rose until that when she sunk wearily among her pillows at night, beset by guests, and pursuing herself a round of perpetual festival, there was scarcely the moment when she was alone, no instant for thought or memory, no blank, dark moment for any ghost to rise in. Her beauty seemed only to deepen with every season; whether in winter nights she looked from her opera-box like a picture from its frame, or whether in summer days she held her court upon the sea-shore, that autumn leaf burned yet as vividly upon her cheek as ever in its Indian-summer sunshine on the bough; that lustre yet shone in her eye; that smile yet illumined all her face; that grace yet followed all her movements. The black day that should change all this bloom to frost was yet to come.

Mrs. Hilary had been married several years. She had never spoken of her girlhood since; she had seen no one from her native town, she had perhaps ceased to remember that such a man as Gabriel Angier had ever lived. It may be she had not yet seen that hour which would give her opportunity to evoke her shadows and let them flap their wings about her; it may be she was strong enough to keep them all imprisoned as the seal of the Great Signet bound the Djins. To look at her you would have said she had no shadows, except those cast by her own radiance. She knew well that her life was hollow and worthless; she was beginning to tire of adulation, of envy, and of conquest. Sometimes as she stepped into her carriage she felt a careful hand close the cashmeres round her, where hand was none but in her sudden fancy; sometimes, if she woke bewildered in the dark, she felt a tender arm about her, a warm breath on her brow—she had her lamp kept trimmed and burning after that; she feared lest she were growing weak, and only threw herself into wilder, more extravagant gayeties.

One summer-time, when Mrs. Hilary and her husband entertained a large party of their town acquaintance at their country-place, a rainy week came on, and they wearied at its close, perhaps for the first time since Mrs. Hilary's marriage, for fresh amusement—and fitting out extemporary theatricals had recourse to a lumber-room, whither the elder Mrs. Hilary directed them. The placid old lady, who had lived out her heyday, went with her daughter-in-law and the group who followed.

"There now," said she, "are suits, my dear, that you could play Shakspeare's queens in—and there are things that would do well for the witches. I remember we all went through one of Milton's Masques in that gear there, and very slow we found it, as you say nowadays; and we played Molière once in these wigs and farthingales and folderols—the old theatre has been turned into a picture-gallery since then, but it would do quite well enough again, my dear. Perhaps there are other things in all these chests gathered since that time. Open them, Mr. Bryant—shall he not, my dear? and we will see. Ah yes, that now. It was brought in here some dozen years ago. It was part of the prizes of one of my son's privateers, and I suppose it was nothing of value—it ought to have gone, I seem to have heard, to our cousin Howard in Nova Scotia; only it was of no use then, my son said, and so he sent it up here. If I remember rightly, it looked like a *trousseau*—it would do now for the Icy Bride. That one, Mr. Bryant."

The person addressed speedily did as desired, removed the cover of the box, and extracted first a square of hempen matting.

"To keep out sea-water, I suppose," said the old lady.

Then came, slowly lifted out, a large package, the twines yet untied that had once bound it; and roll on roll of the old linen that wrapped it being opened, slip after slip being loosened, the old lady gingerly raised what met her fingers, held up and raised by the two shoulders, and shaking down fold after fold of rustling gauze-paper, there slowly came into the gray light of day a gown, where the broad woven flowers and sprays swimming to the surface of the rich heavy fabric and curdling there together, one would have said, seemed like the tarnished spectre of some frosty morning's broidery. It had grown yellow with the years; the full length of its drapery was streaked with dun breadths, as if snow could throw a shadow. Once it was dazzling enough for any bride, a gown of old Spanish brocade, each fold falling in lustre and amplitude silver-white and thick as some waxen leaf, and the garnishing of the whole in Irish lace gown with seed-pearl.

Mrs. Hilary stood there talking lightly with one of her crowd of conquests, the wit sparkling on her tongue, the light in her eye, on her cheek still that glowing autumn leaf burning itself away.

Suddenly, as she saw what her mother was doing, the moment came that had power to turn all her gems to cinders, her days to darkness—to lay its silent finger on her lips, to refuse to her forever the relief of tears. Gray hairs seemed all at once to cluster among her curls; the vivid hue of the autumn leaf fell from her face—the snow of winter gathered there and never left it.

For lifted slowly there before her, as if it were issuing from a sepulchre, and brought all the rusty damps and mouldy stains of the grave with it, rising not like the ghost of past joys, but lifted like the dead body of joys that had not been suffered to be, limp and loose in flaccid folds, the old hands there before her held her wedding-gown.

And then like an arrow piercing her heart in twain, the last look she had received from Gabriel Angier, that she had never since, in memory even, allowed herself to see, that look from the great, blue, anguished eyes, full of pathos and full of love, came and smote her and hung before her, and with the apparition of that dead gown and the shadows of its snow-drifts, the other apparition, avenging, unfading, like the rings and rays of light one sees when the eyeballs are deeply pressed, came and staid forever there before her shuddering, aching gaze. Yet never was she desolate, whose life thenceforth was bound and haunted by a spectre; and Mrs. Hilary's splendor went out in gloom and her fires in ashes.

MISS PRECIOSA'S PRINCIPLES.

In the most precise of country villages, in the primmest mansion ever built, dwelt the most precise maiden ever born, Miss Preciosa Lockwood. Even in that serious town, where laughter was reckoned one of the smaller sins, and the family in whose dwelling lights were seen burning after ten o'clock were considered dissipated, there was a current joke regarding Lockwood Cottage, which giddy girls had dubbed "The Nunnery," and some even went so far as to call Miss Preciosa the "Lady Superior."

Certainly convent walls never closed themselves more grimly against mankind, gentle and simple, old and young. What in many an excellent spinster has been an affectation was genuine with Miss Preciosa.

Long ago a pretty little cousin, who had been her confidante and companion, had become acquainted with a rascal with a handsome face and a serpent's soul, and had eloped with him. They heard of her wearing velvet and diamonds, but no wedding-ring, and driving about New Orleans in a handsome carriage, wondered at and admired for her beauty and shunned for her sin. And, at last, after a long silence about her doings, a faded thing in rags came creeping at night to Miss Preciosa's cottage, begging for God's sake that she would let her in to die. Miss Preciosa did the reverse of what most women do. She gave a sister's hand to the poor victim—nursed her until she died, and buried her decently, and thenceforth shut her spinster home to man. She was barely twenty-seven, and far from plain, but she argued thus: Something in a stove-pipe hat and boots has wrought this ill—all who wear those habiliments must be tabooed.

She kept her resolution. From the poor-house she selected a small servant-maid, not yet old enough to think of "followers." As cook she kept a hideous old female, too far advanced in years to remember them. The milk was brought by a German woman. The butcher's wife, by request, brought in the joints. Even a woman cut the grass in the garden when it was too long, and if man approached the gates ancient Deborah, the cook, was sent forth to parley with and obstruct his approach.

Having thus made things safe, Miss Preciosa went to New York and brought home a dead sister's daughter, who had hitherto been immured in a boarding-school, and the arrangements were complete.

Miss Lockwood took her niece to church, also to weekly meetings. They spent afternoons out with widow ladies with no grown-up sons, or with spinsters who resided in solitary state.

The elder lady kept an Argus eye upon her blooming niece, and bold indeed would have been the man who dared address her.

For her part, Miss Bella Bloom was an arch-hypocrite. She had learned that at boarding-school, where ingenuity is exhausted in deceiving the authorities, and doing always exactly what is most forbidden. Bella Bloom came to Lockwood Cottage perfectly competent to hoodwink her aunt.

She did it. Preciosa blessed her stars that her niece was well principled. She hated men. She wondered how any young lady could walk and talk and be sociable with and marry them. And when she thought that she lived in a home where they could not intrude, *how* thankful she was Aunt Preciosa could never guess.

And all the while Bella was chafing inwardly at her restraint, envying girls who had pleasant little flirtations at will, and keeping up a private correspondence with a certain "Dear George," who sent his letters under cover to the butcher's wife, who brought them in with the beef and mutton, and said, "Bless ye, natur will be natur for all old maids; and I was a gal myself onst afore Cleaver courted me."

Dear George was desperate. He could not live without seeing his Bella. He wrote bitter things about spinster aunts. He alluded feelingly to those rendezvous in the back garden of the seminary, with Miss Clover standing sentry at the gate on the look-out for a governess and enemy. The first opportunity he was coming to Plainacres, and intended to see his Bella or *die*. Was he not twenty-three and she seventeen? Were they to waste their lives at a spinster's bidding? No.

Miss Preciosa, with her Argus-eyed watchfulness, sat calmly hour by hour two inches from the locked drawer of a cabinet which contained the gentleman's letters, and dined from meats which had been the means of conveying them across the threshold, inculcating her principles into the minds of her niece and handmaiden, the latter of whom grinned behind her lady's chair without reserve. Charity Pratt, having grown to be sixteen, also had her secret. It was the apothecary's boy who, in his own peculiar fashion, had expressed admiration at church by staring.

A few days after, Dr. Green, the bachelor minister, called at the cottage. Deborah went out to huff and snap, and was subdued by the big eyes. She came in.

"Miss," said she, "the clergyman is out there."

"Where?" gasped Preciosa.

"In the garding, Miss, wantin' you."

"Me! You said, of course, I was out?"

"No, Miss. Every body receives their pastor."

So the pastor was ushered in. He conversed of church affairs. Miss Preciosa answered by polite monosyllables. Bella smiled and stitched. Deborah sat on a hall chair on guard. Finally the best specimen of that bad creature, man, was got out of the house safely, and the ladies looked at each other as those might who had been closeted with a polar bear and escaped unharmed.

"He's gone, aunty," said the hypocrite.

"Thank goodness!" said sincere Preciosa. "I thought I should have fainted. *Never* let it happen again, Deborah. Remember I'm always engaged."

"But he seems a nice, well-spoken, good-behaved kind of a gentleman," said Deborah. "*And* a clergyman."

"So he does," said Preciosa. "But appearances are deceitful. I once knew a clergyman—"

"Yes, Miss."

"A Doctor of Divinity, Bella—"

"Yes, aunt."

"Ah! who—who—"

"Well?"

"Who *kissed* a young lady of his congregation in her father's garden."

"Oh! aunt!"

"He afterward married her. But I never could visit *her* or like *him*."

"Bless you no," said Deborah. "Now the best thing you can do is to have a cup of strong green tea and something nourishing to keep your sperits up. Cleaver's wife has just fetched oysters in." (Private signal to Bella.)

"Has she? Oh, I so *love* oysters!" cried Bella, and ran to get dear George's last.

It was a brief one, and in it George vowed to appear at the cottage when they least expected him and demand his betrothed.

That evening, at dusk, Miss Preciosa walked in the garden alone. She was thinking of a pair of romantic big eyes, of a soft voice and a softer hand which she had been surprised into allowing to shake hers.

"It's a pity men are so wicked!" said she, and sighed. Although she was near thirty she looked very pretty as she walked in the moonlight, forgetting to put on prim airs and graces and to stiffen herself. Her figure was much like her niece Bella's, so much so that some one on the other side of the convent-like wall, with eyes upon a level with its upper stones, fancied it was that young lady. Under this belief he clambered up, stood at the top, and whispered,

"My dearest look up, your best beloved is here; behold your George!"

And Preciosa, lifting her eyes, beheld a man on her wall, flung her hands in the air, and uttered a shriek like that of an enraged peacock.

The gentleman discovered his mistake, endeavored to retreat, stumbled and fell headlong among flower pots and boxes, and lay there quite motionless.

The shriek and the clatter aroused the house. Deborah, Bella, and Charity Pratt rushed to the scene, and found a gentleman in a sad plight, bloody and senseless, and Miss Preciosa half dead with terror.

Bella, recognizing dear George, fainted in good earnest. Preciosa, encouraged by numbers, addressed the prostrate youth,

"Get up, young man, and go; your wickedness has been perhaps sufficiently punished. Please go."

"He can't; he's dead," said Deborah.

"Oh, *what* a sudden judgment! You're sure he's dead?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then take him into the house and call the doctor."

They laid him on the bed and medical aid came; the poor fellow had broken a leg.

"He'd get well. Oh yes, but he couldn't be moved."

Miss Preciosa could not murder a fellow-creature, and she acquiesced.

"He can't run off with the spoons until his leg is better," said Deborah.

"He isn't able to elope with any one," said Miss Preciosa; "and we should be gentle with the erring. Who shall we find to nurse him?"

"Old Todds is competent, Miss," said Deborah.

"Yes. Do send for that old person," said the lady.

And old Todds came. He of course dwelt in the house. The doctor came every day. The apothecary's boy invaded the hall with medicines; and finally, when the young man came to his senses, he desired earnestly to see his friend Dr. Green.

"Our clergyman his friend," said Preciosa. "He must have been misled then; surely his general conduct must be proper. Perhaps this is the first time he ever looked over a wall to make love to a lady. By all means send for Dr. Green."

Thus the nunnery was a nunnery no more. Two men under the roof. Three visiting it daily! What was the world coming to? Miss Preciosa dared not think. Bella was locked in her own room in the most decorous manner while her aunt was in the house, but when she was absent Deborah and Charity sympathized and abetted, and she read and talked deliciously to dear George, lying on his back with his handsome face so pale and his spirits so low, poor fellow!

Troubles always come together. That evening Miss Preciosa received information that legal affairs connected with her property, which was considerable, demanded her presence in New York, and left the establishment, which never before so much needed its Lady Superior. She returned after three days toward evening, no one expecting her. "I shall give them a pleasant surprise," she thought, and slipped in the kitchen-way. There a candle burned, and on one chair sat two people—Charity Pratt and the druggist's boy. He had his arm about her waist.

Miss Preciosa grasped the door-frame and shook from head to foot. "I'll go to Deborah," she said. "She can speak to that misguided girl better than I." She faltered forward. Deborah was in the back area scouring tea-knives. Beside her stood old Todds, the nurse. They were talking.

"Since my old woman died," said Todds, "I hain't seen nobody scour like you—and the pies you does make."

"They ain't better than other folks," said Deborah, grimly coquettish.

"They *air*," said Todds; and, to Miss Preciosa's horror, he followed up the compliment by asking for a kiss.

Miss Preciosa struggled with hysterics and fled parlorward. Alas! a murmur of sweet voices. She peeped in. Through the window swept the fragrance of honey-suckle. Moonlight mingled with that of the shaded lamp. Bella leaned over an easy-chair in which reclined George Loveboy. This time Preciosa was petrified.

"Dearest Bella," said George.

"My own," said Bella.

"How happy we are!"

"Oh, *so* happy!"

"And when shall we be together again? You know I must go. Your aunt won't have me here, Bella. I must tell her. Why are you afraid of her?"

"She's *so* prim and good, dear soul," said Bella.

"Ah! you don't love me as I do you."

"George!"

"You don't. Would *I* let an *aunt* stand between us?"

"Oh, George, you know I've told you that nothing could change *me*. Why, if you had staid lame, and had had to walk on crutches all your life, it would have made no difference, though I fell in love with you for your walk. I don't deny it."

"And I," said George, "would have almost been content had fate willed that I should be a cripple to have been so cherished, to have reposed on so faithful a bosom."

"Oh, oh, oh!" from the doorway checked the speech. Those last awful words had well-nigh killed Miss Preciosa Lockwood. Hysterics supervened, and in their midst a gentleman was announced. The Rev. Peter Green.

"Show him in," said Preciosa. "I need counsel. Perhaps he may give it." And for the first time in her life she hailed the entrance of "a man."

Mr. Loveboy left the room as stealthily and speedily as possible. Miss Bella followed him. Charity was in the pantry hiding her head, and Deborah returned to the cellar.

Alone the Lady Superior received the Rev. Peter Green. She faltered and blushed.

"You are, I presume, already aware of the fact that I am much disturbed in mind," she said.

"Yes, Madam. That is perceptible."

"You are my spiritual adviser, Sir. To you, though a man, I turn for advice," and she shed a tear or two. "My own household has turned against me." And she told him all.

The Rev. Peter made big eyes at her, and broke the truth gently.

"My dear Madam, you do not know that old Jonathan Todds and your faithful Deborah intend to unite their fortunes in the bands of holy wedlock next Sabbath?"

"Know it! Oh the old, old sinners! *Are* they in their dotage!"

"Or that Charity Pratt, who seems a likely sort of girl, has promised to give her hand to Zeddock Saltz on Thursday?"

"Oh, Doctor Green! What do I hear?"

"The truth, Madam. Can you hear more?"

"I hope so."

"Then it is time that you should be informed that Miss Bella Bloom and Mr. George Loveboy have been engaged a year. They have corresponded regularly. It was to see her he climbed the garden wall and met with his accident. Don't give way, Madam—don't."

"You're very kind," said Miss Preciosa; "but it is awful! What would you advise?"

"I should say: Allow Todds and Deborah to marry next Sunday."

"Yes, Sir."

"And Charity and Zeddock on the day they have fixed. And I should sanction the betrothal of your niece and Mr. Loveboy, and allow me to unite them at some appointed day before the altar."

"My own niece!" said Miss Preciosa. "Oh! my own niece!"

"Do you so seriously object to weddings?" asked the pastor.

"N-no," said Preciosa. "It's this awful courting I dislike."

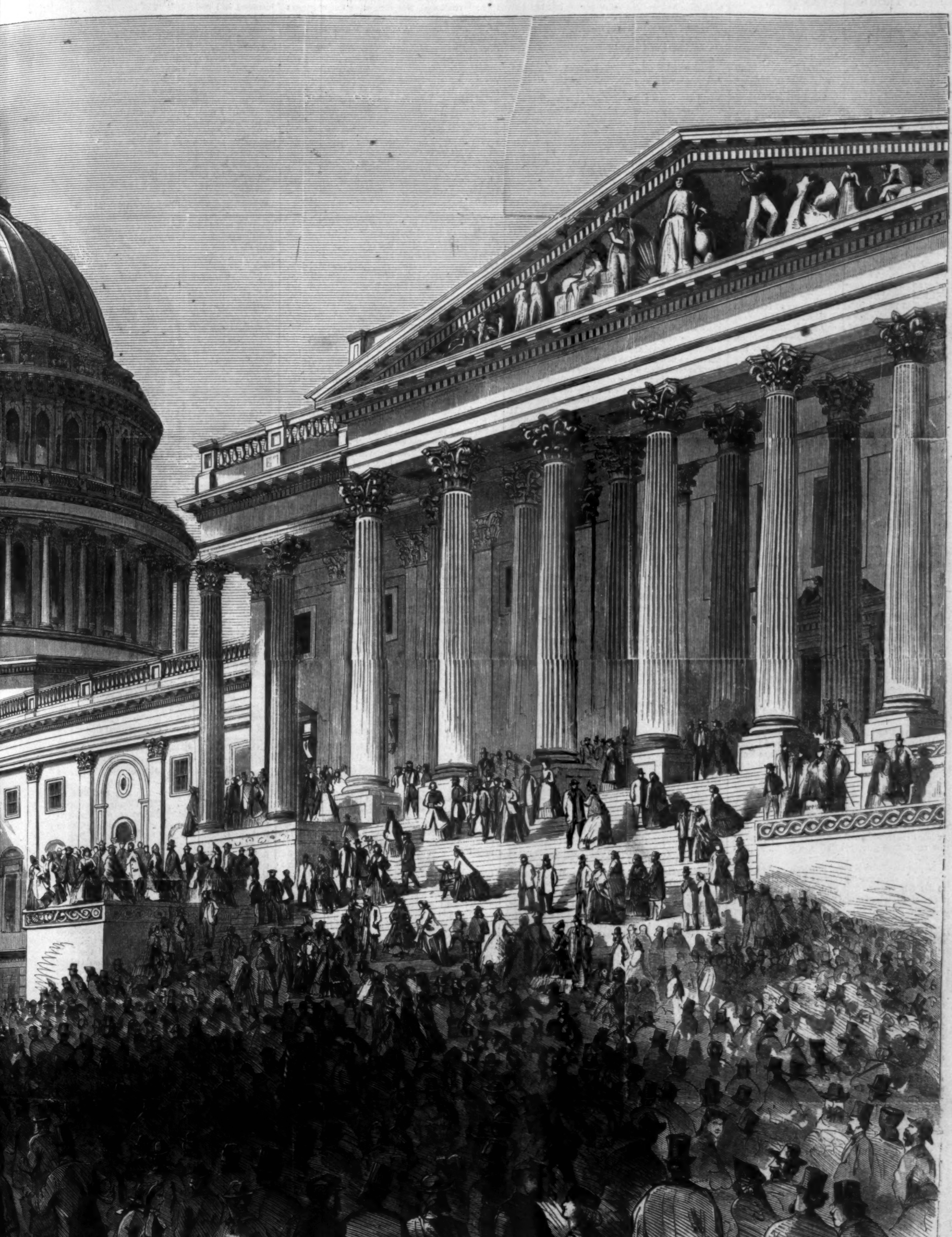
"I agree with you," said the pastor. "I have resolved, when I marry, to come to the point at once. Miss Preciosa, the Parsonage needs a mistress. I know of no lady I admire and esteem as I do you. Will you make me happy? will you be my wife?"

Preciosa said nothing. Her cheeks burned; her lids drooped. He came a little closer. He made bigger eyes at her than ever. At last his lips approached and touched her cheek, and still she said nothing.

In such a case "speech is silver, but silence is gold."

Deborah was married on Sunday, being her fortieth birthday. Charity on Tuesday. Miss Bloom gave her hand to George Loveboy in a month; and on the same day a brother clergyman united Preciosa and the Rev. Peter Green. And the Nunnery was broken up forever.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REINAUGURATION AT THE CAPITOL, Ma[illegible] 4, 1865.



4, 1865.—Photographed by Gardner, Washington.—[See Page 164.]

A TROUBLED TENANCY.

I.

THE strange story which I am about to relate embraces a short period at the close of October, 1862.

I, Henry Marston, solicitor, then aged 28 years, had just returned from a continental tour. Before leaving town I had arranged finally to quit the chambers which I had previously occupied there; on coming back, therefore, I was, for the time, a homeless man.

Under these circumstances I gladly availed myself of a kind offer made to me by an old friend, a brother of my partner. He invited me to take up my abode at his house, which was situated in a village twelve miles from the city. Here, he assured me, I was heartily welcome to remain until I could find new quarters in town. Although he and his family were now absent from home, he wrote begging me to make myself comfortable, adding that he had instructed his servants to show me every attention.

Inclination, no less than necessity, led me to accept the invitation. Heathfield was my native village; and, although my relatives had long left the neighborhood, several friends of my boyhood still resided there. There was for me, moreover, another and a still stronger attraction to the place.

I had scarcely stepped upon the platform of the Heathfield Station when an old chum of mine discovered me, and, after a few minutes' conversation, begged me to come to a ball at his father's house that evening. It was his sister's twenty-first birthday, and there would be a large gathering of our common acquaintances. I must excuse the brevity of the notice, for he was determined not to let me off.

It was a brilliant entertainment, and I found it enjoyable. I soon discovered among the guests the lady whom I most desired to see, and ere long Edith Arnold was by my side, evincing, as I hoped, by her manner, a pleasure in my society similar to that which I was myself experiencing in her own. I secured her as my partner for several dances; and I fancied that she never looked so happy as when I claimed her, nor so sad as when I resigned her to another.

Encouraged by these tokens of her favor, I began to entertain the idea of making to her an important declaration. Such a treasure as Edith could not, I felt confident, long remain unclaimed. If I would possess her, I must lose no time.

Again she leaned upon my arm.

"There is," I remembered, "a tide in the affairs of men." Reflecting thus, I drew my partner into a conservatory which opened from a saloon adjoining the dancing-room.

We paced this conservatory for some time in company with many other couples. The retreat was likely to be popular, for it had been arranged for the occasion with much taste, and its general aspect was beautiful and elegant in the extreme. Colored lamps shone like glittering gems above; while fountains flung up diamonds from beneath, amidst feathery fronds and scented blossoms.

But gradually the promenaders thinned; and at length, although after what space of time I can not say, I found myself alone with Edith. I led her to a couch which had been placed at that end of the conservatory furthest from the drawing-room, and seated myself beside her.

Having proceeded so far, I confess I found it difficult to advance further, and an embarrassing silence convinced me that I was a bad hand at making an offer. When at last I opened my lips, it was only to experience, with painful vividness, the truth that

> Words, like Nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the Soul within.

My faltering, roundabout observations seemed just rudely to sketch the outlines of my passion, and at the same time grossly to obscure its finer lineaments.

Meanwhile Edith listened pensively. As I drew near to the climax of my address, I naturally turned to watch her face. And I might well be pardoned for seeking inspiration and encouragement from such a source. Adequately to paint those eyes and cheeks, an artist would have needed to dip his pencil into pigments of summer sky and of molten apple-blossom; and the fair forehead gleamed out amidst rippling hair like a pearl from an *entourage* of golden fretwork. The countenance altogether was indeed one of rare beauty.

The conservatory for the most part was lined with blinds, which shut out the autumn night and pleasantly enhanced the light within. Near us was a door (leading to the garden) which had not been thus veiled, but which was left exposed, that it might be readily opened for ventilation. Thus, as I turned, the uncurtained entrance became visible to me.

In an instant there appeared amidst the blackness a horrible apparition—that of a wild unearthly face, surrounded with pale drapery, and glaring upon me with an expression malevolent and fiendish in the extreme.

Hardly believing my eyes, I started to my feet, exclaiming unconsciously:

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"What in the world do you see?" cried Edith, rising in alarm.

"I scarcely know indeed," I answered hurriedly; for by this time nothing unusual was in sight.

I was just about to explain as well as I could what I had witnessed, when Edith's mother suddenly swept into the conservatory, and in accents of impatience told her daughter that they must leave immediately. My sweet girl was, therefore, hurried away not only before I could complete the story of my love, but before I could explain the strange cause of its interruption. With a wondering look and a hasty bow Edith followed her mother, and I was left alone.

The ball was at an end for me, now that she had departed. Grieved and excited at the unsatisfactory termination of our interview, I hastened from the house.

Upon retiring to my room I took the precaution of lighting a night-light before getting into bed, anticipating, amidst my mental disquietude, a wakeful night. But it happened that I soon fell asleep, and forgot for a time both my love for Edith and the cruel interruption which I had met with in declaring it.

I awoke with a start under the impression that I had been spoken to. The words, which I can hear to this day, seemed to abide with me after their actual sound had ceased. To the reader they will appear, perhaps, as ridiculously grandiloquent as to me, in the silent watches of that night, they at first seemed unspeakably awful. They were these:

"Vile usurper! How long shall the avenging angel's hand be stayed? Vacate this domain—to which thou hast no shadow of a claim—vacate it ere two days shall have expired, or thy wicked life is forfeited."

Now, supposing that these words had been all—supposing that I had been called upon merely to account for the sound or fancied sound—I could easily have persuaded myself that I had simply been dreaming. But in the subdued light which trembled through the room I saw—yes, reader, I affirm it solemnly—I saw immediately before me the same demoniacal face which had suddenly appeared to me in the conservatory.

Although, while half awake, I was seriously alarmed by the apparition, I had no sooner grasped my usual waking powers of mind than I recovered myself and sprang out of bed, resolving then and there to clear up the ugly riddle. But as I did so the cause of my perplexity vanished. Standing upon the floor, wide awake, I arrived at the certain conviction that I was the sole occupant of the room. I now entered upon a weary process of mental cross-examination, in the hope of eliciting from my confused impressions facts on which to found some plausible theory as to what had occurred.

Nor was I long in erecting such a theory. It struck me as probable that the servants, wishing (from motives quite conceivable) to get rid of me, had been playing me a trick.

I need scarcely say that, so soon as I believed myself to be the victim of practical joking, I became angry. But I decided that the best way to take vengeance was to appear unconcerned, and simply to request, in the morning, that the trick might not be repeated. Accordingly I bottled up my wrath, got into bed, and contrived to sleep soundly till daylight filled the room.

The footboy who waited upon me at breakfast—a pale-haired lad of seventeen—was naturally an object of my scrutiny, since I, of course, imagined that he must be in the plot from which I had suffered during the night. He was precisely like a cat; and, judging from his sly slits of eyes and stealthy movements, I could readily conceive him capable of any amount of underhand feline mischief. But this estimate of his character presently came to be modified.

Before leaving for the city—where I was obliged to go early on account of a business appointment—I rang the breakfast-room bell, and requested that all the servants might come in. Two females shortly made their appearance, and against the whole party I proceeded to bring my charge. After enlarging on the foolish and dangerous nature of the supposed joke with far greater warmth than I had designed, I completed my harangue with these words: "I regret if my presence here is unacceptable, but having received an invitation from the master of the house to stay, it is my intention to do so. The foolish means which some or all of you have employed to displace me would succeed with no one but a child or an idiot. I have to request, however, that these pranks may not be repeated. If they are, I shall report the whole matter to your master, who I doubt not, on hearing it, will out of regard for me dismiss every one of you from his service."

"I do believe the fellow's mad," exclaimed the cook, angrily, as she followed her colleagues out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Mad! The word at first made me angry; it then set me thinking.

What if, after all, I were under some insane hallucination? Apparitions as vivid as mine had often been the result of cerebral disease. My hasty accusation of the servants seemed to give color to the idea that my brain was disordered. How unreasonable the charge had been! How totally unlike the words of a domestic had been those bombastic expressions addressed to me in the night! How slight and paltry altogether were the *data* upon which I had founded my suspicions!

At the very time when these thoughts were revolving in my mind, I happened to take up a large volume which lay upon a table near me. It proved to be that painfully interesting book by Dr. Winslow—"On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind." I opened the work at page 269, and my eye immediately fell upon the words: "*The perceptive powers are often the first to yield.*" Upon reading the succeeding paragraphs a horrible doubt of my own sanity rushed headlong into my mind.

Had I been able to remain in solitude that day I verily believe I should have lost my reason. But I was obliged to go to town immediately; and a few hours of enforced attention to the details of a complicated legal question drew away my attention from myself, and assisted me to recover my mental equilibrium.

On returning in the evening, I was received by the servants with a curt suspicious manner which annoyed me, and which disinclined me to attempt their conciliation. After dinner I wrote an ardent letter to Edith, and what I hoped was a judicious one to her father, and, designing that both should be delivered next day, I retired at an early hour to my haunted bedchamber.

II.

BEFORE leaving town, I had provided myself with a bottle of laudanum, judging that, since it was *possible* my last night's visions had partially been the result of nervous excitement, a timely narcotic might prevent a recurrence of such annoyances. But I had not properly informed myself as to what quantity of the drug it would be suitable for me to take; I swallowed, therefore, what I now suspect was an inordinately large dose. I lighted a taper as on the previous night, and laid myself down, expecting to sleep soundly. But instead of sleep, the most extraordinary sensations seized me. My soul seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of delicious and ravishing happiness. Every thing painful and annoying was eliminated from my thoughts; and, although the perplexities of the last twenty-four hours were not forgotten, I could trace in none of them the slightest cause for distress or disquietude. Sweet memories of Edith floated through my soul; and even the apparitions of the previous night assumed the shape of intensely interesting phenomena, which I judged it a privilege to have witnessed, and a pleasure, moreover, to study. My intellect, too, was wondrously lucid. I traced the most extraordinary affinities, and drew the subtlest logical distinctions with a clearness which astonished and delighted me beyond measure.

This lasted long. I knew that the night was advancing, but I had no wish for sleep. A condition more enjoyable or desirable than that in which I now found myself I could not have conceived.

While still experiencing these peculiar and intensely pleasurable sensations, I, for the third time, beheld the terrible object of my recent speculations. But not a particle of fear now had place in my mind. I sat up in bed, gazed at the apparition, and calmly reasoned respecting it. At length I addressed it aloud. It replied to me in language similar to that which it had employed on the previous night, reminding me that half the period of my probation had already expired. I complained of the harsh decree, argued my innocence, and challenged my persecutor to substantiate the charges against my character upon which my cruel sentence had been founded. But the inscrutable being, without heeding my remonstrances, repeated the prophetic threat, and then seemed to vanish.

My happy feelings continued long after this visitation, and I regarded my predicted dissolution with perfect calmness and content. Not until daylight began to glimmer between the mullions of the window did drowsiness creep over me; but when sleep actually commenced it held me with such tremendous power that I lay in a death-like stupor till noon.

And now there fell upon my mind once more the painful suspicion that my reason *was*, indeed, deserting me. In spite of the opiate I had actually seen the accursed vision again. That was a terrible fact that could not be got over. I was as far off as ever from any solution of the mystery, save that dreadful one which now again suggested itself to my mind.

I dressed, went down, and in a sort of mechanical way folded, addressed, and dispatched my letters to Edith and her father. I found myself too unwell to go to town, and sank into a state of utter mournfulness and despondency.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when the following note was placed in my hands:

> "SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated yesterday, and also, on my daughter's behalf, of the communication which you have addressed to her.
>
> "In reply, I have to inform you that my daughter and myself are entirely agreed that your proposal is one which can not be entertained.
>
> "I am, Sir,
> "Your obedient servant,
> "LAURENCE ARNOLD."

This cold, curt reply to my letters struck upon my heart like lead. What in the world could be the explanation of its chilly tone and laconic style? To this question my suspicions supplied a ready answer.

The servants had done it. I had offended them, betraying at the same time the fact of my mysterious visions. They had taken their vengeance by reporting me in the village as a man subject to insane delusions. Perhaps they were right! At any rate I knew how readily such reports would fly about; how likely they were already to have reached the ears of Mr. Arnold and his family.

As my body gradually recovered from the effects of the overdose my spirits revived. At evening I endeavored dispassionately to review all that had occurred, and to resolve upon some sensible and decisive line of action. I was deterred from searching the house from end to end only by the remembrance that the servants would certainly take such an act as fresh evidence of my madness: and many another scheme for the solution of the enigma flitted through my brain.

The sudden recollection of the case of a certain English nobleman, whose end had been foretold to him, I remembered, in a vision somewhat similar to my own, once more depressed and unnerved me; and I was struggling hard against this reaction, when my attention was arrested by a knock at the front-door.

III.

A FEW minutes afterward a card was brought to me. The gentleman whose name it bore had inquired for the master of the house; but, learning his absence, he asked to see any one who might be considered to represent him.

I started at the sight of the name which was familiar to me. Alfred Enderby was a young physician who, with his father, conducted a private lunatic asylum. He had formerly been an intimate friend of mine; but some time had elapsed since our last meeting.

I was annoyed and almost alarmed when I first realized who had arrived, thinking that some officious Heathfield friend, having heard of my spectral visitations and strange manner, had summoned a "mad doctor" to my aid. But upon reflection this seemed so unlikely, and further, as Enderby came into the room his surprise and delight at seeing me were so unmistakable, that I quickly laid aside my suspicions, and gave him a most hearty welcome.

He now inquired the cause of my sorry appearance. The question led me fully to narrate the circumstances which, during the last day or two, had been giving me so much uneasiness; and the relief which it afforded me to do so was great and immediate.

He listened with an interest which manifestly increased as I proceeded. The earnest attention, indeed, with which he heard the story, and the deep thought which it seemed to awaken in his mind, surprised me. I concluded my narration by saying: "So now, my dear fellow, do, if you *can*, enlighten me as to these strange visitations. At any rate, I hope you will not do as people here have done—as I myself have once or twice been inclined to do—pronounce me a madman."

"You are as sane as I am," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "it is a comfort to be told that by so experienced a judge as yourself."

"I think," said the young physician, "it is in my power to give you further comfort still; to clear up altogether the perplexity under which you have been laboring."

I opened my eyes incredulously.

"Yes," continued Enderby, "such is the fact indeed. Let me tell you first that your own story relieves me from a doubtful anxiety which it has been the object of my journey to dispel. In return for this good service I undertake, in making known to you that object, to deliver you from your own difficulty."

I drew my chair to the doctor's side, for he spoke in an undertone.

"You remember, probably," he began, "a family named Merivale, who formerly resided, as I am told, in this very house?"

"Certainly," I answered; "in my boyhood the daughters were often my companions."

"About ten years since," my friend continued, "at a date later, I believe, than that at which you and your friends left the village, this family met with reverses of fortune. The ruin, in fact, was complete. They left the place, and a sale was held at this house. I will briefly go through all the circumstances, although with many of them you may already be familiar.

"The Merivales felt the blow keenly. The father and mother both died within a year of the date of their misfortunes, and these accumulated sorrows affected the intellect of the eldest daughter, Catherine. She went to reside with some distant relatives, who, from the date of the parents' death, treated the orphans as their own daughters. Their kindness to poor Catherine was unbounded; and for a long time they endured her insane caprices, and believed that time would rectify her derangement. At last, however, a dangerous outbreak convinced them that they could no longer pursue the course which their affection had dictated; and Catherine Merivale was placed under my father's care.

"Her madness now declared itself in a single strange delusion. She imagined that her family had been forcibly expelled from their old home—this very house—and that it was her mission and destiny to execute the vengeance of Heaven against the unjust and merciless intruder.

"During the last few months the poor lady's health had apparently improved. She had become more calm than formerly; and my father and myself both hoped and believed that her cure would ultimately be effected. The restraints at first imposed were gradually slackened, and she appeared still further to benefit by increased freedom.

"I am now satisfied that this more moderate conduct was the result of that deep cunning which not unfrequently attends madness, and that it was intended to disarm our suspicions and facilitate an escape. Three days ago the poor woman suddenly disappeared from the asylum; and her flight was accomplished in a manner which displayed the most remarkable ingenuity and forethought.

"Until to-day we were on a completely wrong scent in the pursuit. This morning, however, while reflecting on the special nature of Miss Merivale's delusion, it struck me as highly probable that she might have fled to Heathfield. By the help of an intelligent detective officer I have verified my suspicions, and tracked the poor lunatic to this place. And now I have only to add that, from the description you give of your nightly visitations, I can not doubt that she is under this very roof. The comparative emptiness of the house, and her thorough knowledge of the premises, have no doubt facilitated her concealment. We have both of us cause for the deepest thankfulness to Providence that the intensity of her delusion—under which she regards herself as the avenging angel of the Most High—has led her to delay the deed of blood (which be sure she would have perpetrated at last), and to utter, by way of preface, pompous threats and prophecies in token of her imagined divine commission."

On listening to this extraordinary narrative my feelings, as may be supposed, were those of mingled pity, horror, relief, and gratitude. All was now clear to me as day. The face that I had seen was, as I at last realized, unmistakably that of the Catherine Merivale with whom I had played as a child; and thus the painful burden of my late oppressive doubt was wholly removed. The poor lunatic had probably arrived at Heathfield the same evening as myself; had watched me to the party and back; pursued me to my chamber—imagining me (the luckless visitor) to be the actual owner of the house, whom it was her mission to expel or destroy!

But no time was to be lost in discovering and securing the dangerous inmate. Her capture was accomplished by the detective officer, who, under the instructions of my friend, personated with wonderful skill and coolness a second avenging angel, and drew the unhappy lunatic from her place of concealment by means of bombastic phraseology, in which the counsel of a sister-spirit was offered, and co-operation in the act of vengeance assured. Thus the madwoman's delusion was made to accomplish her capture.

Once secured she was treated with the tenderest consideration; and when she had been removed to a place of safety (a neighboring asylum) for the night my friend returned to me, and we examined together the rooms in which she had expatiated.

Since the strange reports concerning me had alone prompted that icy note from Edith's father, the facts which confuted those reports restored me to my

previous position in the prudent parent's estimation. Edith, moreover, took to her bed on my account, and so inclined her papa for an opening of negotiations. My love for the gentle girl enabled me to detect my opportunity, and to seize it with avidity. My comfortable private fortune and fair professional prospects at length told favorably upon the somewhat calculating old gentleman; so that when, having found new chambers, I returned to town, my "troubled tenancy" had yielded me two benefits, viz.: the subject for a story, and (under parental sanction) the promise of a wife.

WILI AND WILINIK.

WHEN the charming ballet Giselle was in full vogue, we were all very familiar with certain Sclavonic spirits called "Wilis," and were taught to believe that they were the ghosts of young ladies crossed in love, who had found in the tomb not an anodyne, but a stimulus to the ill-humor natural under the circumstances, and displayed their hatred of the world in general by tearing to pieces every mortal man who came within their reach.

Very kind-hearted Wilis have been known to heal the wounds they have inflicted, and the result of the operation is a singular being called a "Wilinik." The Wilinik is an ordinary mortal, who, having been wounded and healed by a Wili, receives from her a root, the possession of which guards him against all deceit, and secures him a progeny of brave sons and lovely daughters. Assuredly the root does not enjoy a sinecure. Let us look out for a Servian tale or two, in which the Wili plays a part.

There was a certain king who had two sons, one just, the other unjust. When he died, the unjust son said to his brother, "We can not agree, so take the horse and these three hundred pieces of gold, making together your share in our paternal inheritance, and likewise take yourself off." Whether this particular act was unjust or not we can not say, as we have not had an opportunity of looking over the deceased monarch's accounts; but we suspect all was not quite fair and aboveboard, inasmuch as the unjust brother avowedly chose "Honesty is the worst policy" as the ruling maxim of his life. Knaves in general strive to conceal their idiosyncrasies, but there was no hypocrisy in our unjust man of Servia. He coolly and even ostentatiously said, "I am a rogue, not from any natural weakness, but because it is my deliberate conviction that roguery is superior to its opposite."

The righteous brother, whom, for brevity's sake, we will call "Justus," had not proceeded far, when he accidentally encountered the unrighteous one, whom we will call "Injustus," and who saluted him with one of his usual panegyrics of dishonesty. "Well," said Justus, "I'll bet you a hundred gold pieces that, in spite of your oft-repeated and somewhat wearisome assertions, honesty is the best policy after all." "Done," said the other; and they then agreed to abide by the decision of the first person they met. As it turned out, a more partial arbiter could not have been selected, for the first person they met was the Evil One himself, disguised as a monk, and he, of course, was strongly of opinion that wrong is far better than right. Two other similar wagers, similarly decided, consumed the rest of poor Justus's little fortune, and his horse went with it; but so firm was his conviction of the superiority of virtue, that he now offered to stake his eyes on the soundness of his views. Emboldened by his previous successes, Injustus, without further ado, or seeking any further arbiter, cut out both Justus's eyes, and then appealed to Justus himself whether the very fact of his blindness did not of itself prove the worthlessness of right. The martyr to justice still affirmed, without intending a pun, that "he did not see it," and instructed his victorious brother to give him a vessel of water wherewith to moisten his lips and wash his wounds, and to place him under a fir-tree that grew by a certain spring. Injustus, who, after all, was not without his good points, granted this very modest request, and poor Justus, as in the night-time he sat alone by the spring, heard the Wilis come to bathe in the waters, and then heard one of them say:

She's very ill, is the king's poor daughter,
To such a pass has her malady brought her;
But if she could only bathe in this water,
She'd get very well,
As I can tell,
And all who are deaf, or dumb, or blind,
In these same waters a cure may find.

The cock crew, the Wilis vanished, and Justus, creeping on all fours to the spring and washing his eyes with the waters, found that the last of the Wili's assertions was, at least, correct, for he saw as well as ever. Nor did he fail to make good use of his sight; he replenished his vessel from the magic stream, and, taking it to the daughter of the king referred to by the Wili, restored her to a condition of robust health. That the princess was given to him for a wife, with half the kingdom for her dowry, followed as a matter of course.

Though news did not travel fast in those days, the great prosperity of Justus became known, in course of time, to his iniquitous brother, who at once shrewdly inferred that it must be a very fine thing to lose one's sight and sit under the fir-tree. So he cut out his own eyes, took the station formerly occupied by his brother, and presently, like him, heard the Wilis come to bathe:

There's no doubt
At all about
This fact, that some one overheard
What I of these fine waters said,
How they would heal the royal maid—
Yes, ev'ry word.
We'll look around us, for I vow
I think there's some one list'ning now,

cried the Wili, whose information had proved so useful to Justus. And the search, which immediately began, terminated in the capture of the hapless listener, who was no sooner caught than he was torn into four pieces.

Once upon a time a certain man had a dream. He thought that a child, white as snow and with wings on its shoulders, stood before him and said: "Climb up the highest mountain of which thou hast knowledge, and thou wilt find on the summit thereof a lofty fir-tree. Beneath this thou wilt perceive a jagged rock, out of which water is running like tears. Dig beneath the rock as many feet as it is high, and thou wilt com[illegible] round vessel with a golden cover, filled with [illegible]. When thou hast removed the cover, cas[illegible]own and leave it, but the coins thou mayst bear away. Still, mind that thou tellest no one of what thou hast done, or evil may befall thee."

This was pleasant, and apparently profitable, information, and the man had no sooner received it than he proceeded to a spot that answered to the child's description, and began to dig with all his might and main. When, however, he had struck the third blow with his pickaxe, he heard a voice as of a child, which seemed to proceed from beneath the ground, and imperatively commanded him to desist. So much was he touched that he at once fell down and sank into a deep sleep, during which he saw again the child of his dream, who said, in a stern voice: "Why didst thou commence thy labor without crossing thyself as a pious Christian? Had I not been by, a grievous ill would have befallen thee. Therefore, now, when thou ariseth, cross thyself as is meet, and resume thy work in a good spirit."

Strange to say, when the man awoke, he found himself not on the spot where sleep had overtaken him, but in a sunny garden, full of the most beautiful flowers. Nevertheless, he resumed his digging, having first crossed himself, in compliance with the child's command. While he was shoveling up the earth a light as of sunbeams flashed into his eyes, and he perceived a dragon asleep on the vessel that contained the treasure. Thrice did he entreat the monster to depart, but the dragon, waking at the third summons, flatly refused to stir. "The treasure," quoth he, "is neither thine nor mine; but if thou wilt tell me how many streams spring from this rock I will leave the place, and thou mayest then do as thou wilt."

The required enumeration proved no easy job, and the man, after going from spring to spring, became so weary and perplexed that he leaned against a tall tree out of pure exhaustion. While he was thus reposing he heard a rustling overhead, and, looking upward, saw a Wili and a Wilinik engaged in hot debate. The Wilinik wanted to know something which the Wili, who was manifestly uneasy, was loth to communicate, and at last the latter cried out: "As sure as there are seventy and seven springs in this mountain I know nothing about it." So saying, the Wili flew away, but the Wilinik, perceiving the man, told him he might now take the treasure without impediment, which, noticing that the dragon had fled, the man did.

The Wilis once manifested a remarkable creative talent. On a broiling summer's day they fashioned a young damsel out of some snow which they found at the bottom of a bottomless pit, and no sooner was their work accomplished than the figure was animated by the wind, nurtured by the dew, clothed with leaves by the wood, and decked with the choicest flowers by the meadow.

This wonderful girl, who will remind some readers of the antique Atalanta, issued a proclamation declaring that she would become the bride of the first youth who could catch her in a horse-race. The first gentlemen in the world, including the emperor's son, eagerly responded to the summons; and when they were all on the race-course ready to start the damsel took her place in the midst of them, not on horseback, but standing on her feet, and thus spoke: "Yonder, against the winning-post, I have set up a golden apple. The first who takes it shall be my husband, but if I reach it before any of you, a sudden death will at once come upon you all. Think, therefore, what you are about."

The aspirants did think, and they thought it very unlikely that a girl on foot would prove an overmatch for men on horseback, for they were not aware that the snow-maiden had little wings under her shoulders. But they soon found that their thoughts had been too hasty, for when they were about half-way on the course they saw their fair antagonist gaining ahead. Still they did not lose courage, but, clapping spurs to their steeds, overtook the girl, who at once pulled a hair from her head and flung it to the ground. A forest immediately sprang up, in which the riders were lost, but by dint of perseverance they overcame even that difficulty, and making their way through the trees, were again on the track of the nimble maiden, who shed a tear, which immediately expanded into a foaming torrent and drowned the whole party, with the single exception of the emperor's son, whose horse swam upon the water. Perceiving that the snow-maiden was again far ahead, he thrice implored her, in the name of the Deity, to proceed no further. She stood still accordingly, and placing her on his horse, he swam with her to dry land, and proceeded with her homeward through a mountainous district. When, however, he had reached the highest summit she was gone.

An ambitious youth once made the singular vow that he would wed no one but a maiden of imperial race, and as, with all his visionary propensities, he was of a thoroughly practical disposition, he went boldly up to the emperor and asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Now the emperor, as it happened, was of a somewhat timid temperament, and though an emphatic "No" was on the tip of his tongue, he preferred to utter his refusal in a more circumlocutionary manner. He therefore said:

"I shall only be too happy to give you my daughter if—if—"

"Yes?" asked the youth.

"If in the course of, say a week, you will procure me—first, a white horse without speck that has never known bridle."

"Secondly?" inquired the youth.

"Secondly, a sorrel horse with a black head that has never been mounted. Thirdly, a black horse with a white head and white feet that has never been shod."

"Well," said the youth, "horses are to be got, though a week is rather a short time."

"Stop, I have not finished," proceeded the emperor. "Besides the three horses, you must bring as much gold as they all three can carry as a present to my empress. On these conditions, and no other, I grant you my daughter's hand."

The youth, having thanked the emperor much more heartily than he deserved, took his leave in no very cheerful mood; but fortunately the imperial maiden had overheard all the conversation, and had, moreover, seen the petitioner, who appeared to her the handsomest man in the world. Therefore he was soon comforted by a letter, which the young lady sent him by the hands of a confidential servant, and which commanded him to come to her secretly on the following morning if he desired a successful issue to his suit.

While the youth remained awake through the night, reflecting on his good fortune, the maiden, likewise awake, occupied herself in stealing from her father a magic knife which she gave to her adorer when he came according to appointment, and they both vowed eternal love and fidelity. She then directed him to take a horse which belonged to her and to ride with all speed to the Wili's wood, where he would find a certain tricipital hill, and after that a meadow bright with pearls, with horses of the most various colors grazing upon it. From these horses he was to choose three of the desired colors, and if they proved restive and unwilling to be caught, he was to draw out the knife so that the sun might shine upon it, and thus light up all the meadow: when all the animals would come to him of their own accord. The horses secured, he was to proceed to the middle of the meadow, where he would find a cypress-tree, with a root of brass, boughs of silver, and leaves of gold. From the root, cut with the magic knife, a torrent of gold coin would issue, which would fully enable him to comply with the emperor's terms.

These minute directions were strictly followed, and the success of the adventurer was complete. Nay, so greatly was the king struck with admiration when he saw the horses arrive laden with the golden treasure, that he could not help asking the suitor what he required in the shape of dowry? "Give me the princess herself *and* the knife," said the gallant youth, "and I will ask no more." So the princess and the knife were given, and all parties were satisfied.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WHAT A BLIND MAN CAN DO.—John Metcalf was born in Knaresborough in 1717, the son of poor working people. At about six years of age he caught the small-pox, and became totally blind. Is there any one of us who could possibly have commenced life with greater drawbacks? He had some advantages—a good head, a good heart, and great physical health and power. Let us watch his career. In six months after the fever had left him he was able to feel his way from the end of the street and back without a guide; at nine years old he could go on a message to any part of the town. He went birds-nesting; was an expert climber, and mounted almost any tree with ease. He learned to ride, and delighted above all things in a gallop. He kept a dog and coursed hares; in fact, he was the wonder of the town. He learned to swim, and once saved the lives of three of his companions. He was a great diver; dived once into a deep hole, and rescued—not a man, but a bale of manufacturer's yarn. He played the fiddle beautifully, and attended professionally the assemblies at the Queen's Head and the Green Dragon at Harrogate. One day, when returning to Harrogate from York, he overtook a gentleman who had lost his way. He brought the gentleman safe to his inn, the Granby, and was invited to join in a tankard of negus. On Metcalf leaving the room, "I think, landlord," said the gentleman, "that my guide must have drank a great deal of spirits since he came here." "Why so, Sir?" "Well, I judge so from the appearance of his eyes." "Eyes! bless you, Sir, don't you know he is blind?" "Blind! what do you mean by that?" "I mean, Sir, that he can not see; he is as blind as a stone!" "Well, landlord, this is really too much; call him in." Enter Metcalf. "My friend, are you really blind?" "Yes, Sir," said he; "I lost my sight when I was six years old." "Had I known that, I would not have ventured with you on that road from York for a hundred pounds." "And I, Sir," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand!" Metcalf was now six feet two in height, and of great strength and robustness. He saved money, bought a horse, and taught the animal to answer his call by neighing. Marvelous stories are told of his exploits, for he was as bold a rider as ever took the field, and to follow the hounds was his greatest delight. He was not only a huntsman, but he engaged in races, and won them. On one occasion he rode his horse in a match in Knaresborough forest. The ground was a circle of a mile, to be run three times round. Great odds were laid against him; but placing men with dinner-bells at the several posts, he directed himself by their sound, and the blind man came in a winner. After his marriage Metcalf set up as a livery-stable keeper, but soon gave up that trade and became a fishmonger. He bought fish at the coast, and sold it at Leeds and other places. The next we hear of him he had enlisted for a soldier! It was during the Rebellion of 1745. One Mr. Thornton came to him about a fortnight after the battle of Prestonpans and told him he was going to raise a company. He informed Metcalf that the French were going to join the Scotch rebels, and that if the country were to fall into their hands no man's wife, daughter, or sister, would be safe. Blind Jack was a true-born Briton. He not only enlisted himself, but started the colors of a recruiting sergeant, and in a few days raised the company and left for the wars, dressed in blue and buff, and a gold-laced hat. This extraordinary man actually performed nearly all the duties of a soldier; followed the army in all its various marchings and counter-marchings—was present in several engagements; and once was nearly captured by the enemy, who succeeded in taking prisoners nearly half of his company. His captain also was missing—supposed to have been in the rebel camp; and Metcalf undertook to turn spy, in order to open up communication with the lost officer. There is thrilling interest in the narrative of how he succeeded in penetrating the enemy's camp; was taken prisoner on suspicion, but ultimately succeeded in clearing himself before a court-martial, and returning to his regiment. Here he continued until the battle of Culloden put an end to the war. On Metcalf's return home, his young wife, who had been anxiously awaiting her fearless, reckless, blind partner, received him with open arms; and, like an old soldier, tired of war's alarms, he settled down to steady habits of business. He now became a cloth-merchant; and, relinquishing that, set up as a dealer in horses. This occupation he left also, and began a new line of business—that of common carrier between York and Knaresborough. In this speculation he saved money, and kept his now increasing family in respectability and comfort.

A SURE WAY OF PROCURING PURE MILK.—Few matters strike the observant stranger with a stronger sense of their peculiarity than the Cuban milkman's mode of supplying his town or city customers. He has no cart filled with shining cans, and they in turn filled with milk (or what purports to be milk, but which is apt strongly to savor of Croton), so there can be no deception as to the genuine character of the article which he supplies. Driving his sober kine from door to door, he deliberately milks just the quantity required by each customer, delivers it, and drives on to the next. The patient animal becomes as conversant with the residence of her master's customers as he is himself, and stops unbidden at regular intervals before the proper houses, often followed by a pretty little calf, which amuses itself by gazing at the process, while it wears a leather muzzle to prevent its interference with the supply of milk intended for another quarter. There are doubtless two good reasons for this mode of delivering milk in Havana and the large towns in Cuba. First, there can be no diluting of the article; and second, it is sure to be sweet and fresh.

POPISH SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.—There exists in Paris, in the Rue de Reuilly (by an odd coincidence close to the Protestant Diaconesses establishment), the Convent de Picpus, where since the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette prayer has been offered day and night for the release of their souls from purgatory. Two nuns, who for that special purpose assume robes of blood-red color, pray during one half hour to this intent, being then relieved by two others; and so on ceaselessly day and night, without a single moment's intermission.

"WHAT a passion you are in!" said the Rain to the Brook, "splashing and fussing and making such a noise." "I was quiet enough till you came," said the Brook; "but that's the way with people that pick quarrels; they always throw the blame on those they trouble."

CURIOUS STATISTICS OF A SCOTCH CITY.—The City of Glasgow contains from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, and how many of those does the reader suppose are taken up yearly as drunk, or drunk and disorderly, or drunk and incapable, and conveyed to the police-office? No less than 27,181, being, as the *Scotsman* expresses it, "1 in every 14½ of the population; 1 in 7 of the adults; 1 in 3 of the men. It might thus appear that about every third man in Glasgow had, during the year, been taken care of by the police, as being either helplessly or riotously drunk; but it is only fair, though very unpleasant, to say that a considerable portion of the total amount of the offense was perpetrated, not by the gentlemen, but by the ladies. The number of the latter taken care of when in their cups was 9755, leaving as the number of gentlemen, each with a glass too much, 17,426. Putting aside children and youths, it appeared that in Glasgow 1 in every 10 women, and 1 in every 5 men are taken drunk to the police-office every year."

BEHAVIOR AT TABLE.—It used to be high caste to eat with a spoon every thing that could be so eaten, except fish, which was not made spoon-meat. Pease, pudding, curry, custard, were all conveyed to the mouth with a spoon. The same of serving. A lady, whose social position was dubious, caused opinion to pronounce that she was a lady by helping lemon-pudding with a spoon. Nowadays, whether fork or spoon, or fork and spoon, you may do as you like, provided you do it without affectation. Nowhere may you eat any thing with a knife.

It is not polite to express surprise, repugnance, or ridicule at the introduction and consumption of any eatable which may be new or unusual to your own experience. The world is wide, and you have not yet seen the whole of it. If invited to experimental repasts, such as the Prince Napoleon's Chinese dinners, or the recent French and German horse-flesh banquets, you know what you have to expect beforehand, and can accept or decline accordingly. But if fortune unexpectedly bring you into contact with strange messes which others enjoy, good manners require you to *look* as if you could enjoy them if you pleased.

It is not polite, in a private house, to breathe in your glass and polish it with your napkin, or to wipe your plate, knife, fork, or spoon, or, in short, to do any thing which can imply a suspicion of the neatness and cleanliness of the service. In hotels and restaurants only you have the right, by paying for it, to take those precautions.

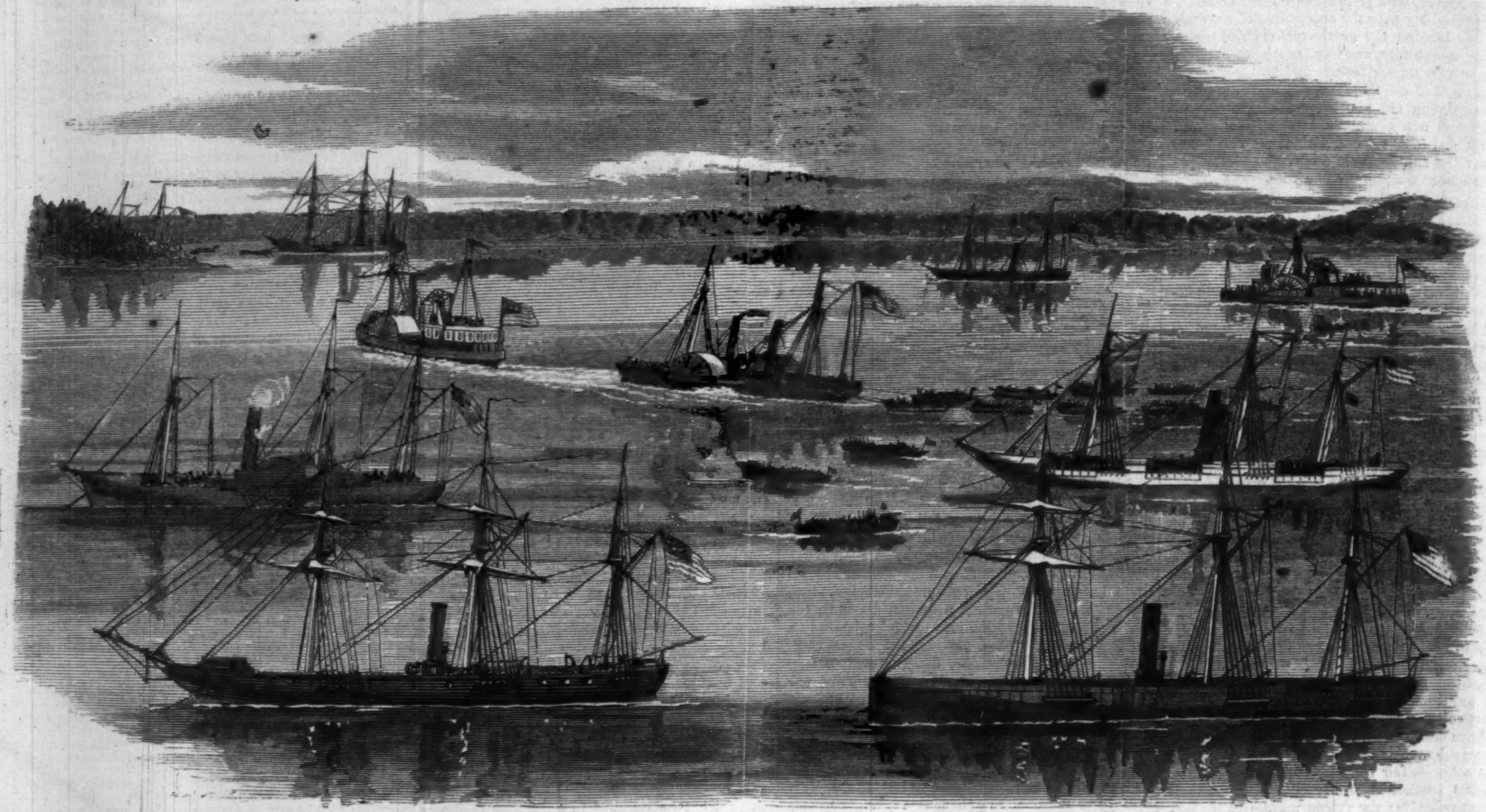
General Groedos, who retained many of his army habits, was dining at a minister's house in Paris. When a livery servant came to fill his glass with wine, he anticipated the movement by wiping it with all his might and main. The hostess, fearing that some little accident had occurred, signed to the valet behind her to change the glass. The wiping process was recommenced, and the glass immediately changed, up to a third, and a fourth, until the General, losing temper, whispered to his neighbor, a Senator's wife, "Does M. le Ministre mean to make game of me, by asking me to dinner to wipe his glasses?"

The lady, with some difficulty, got him to understand that what might be necessary in a camp canteen was quite unnecessary in a Parisian dining-room.

AUSTRIAN NOBILITY.—According to statistical tables just published, there are in the Austrian empire 250,000 males entitled to the appellation of nobles. Hungary is down for 163,000; Galicia, 24,900; and Bohemia, 2160, among whom are 14 princes, 172 counts, and 80 barons.

SYRIAN GOTHAMITES.—Helbon is noted not more for its wine than for the stupidity of its inhabitants, whose reputation in this respect is similar to that of the wise men of Gotham, as the waggish merry-andrew styled his countrymen, the Barons of Pevensey. Among the ridiculous stories fathered on them I will here repeat a few. Once upon a time the inhabitants of Helbon declared themselves independent, and were going to establish a government of their own, but found themselves unable to carry out their intention because there were not men enough in the place to fill all the public offices. Another time, it is said, the good folks of Helbon wished to drag a little on one side a mountain which kept the mid-day sun from their village. With this object they tied a rope to a large oak growing on the mountain, and pulled at it till the rope broke, and gave many of them so severe a fall that they were content to postpone the removal of the mountain till some more fitting opportunity. On another occasion, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, the inhabitants of Helbon took it into their heads that the people of a neighboring village had stolen that planet. Accordingly they all turned out armed against their neighbors, to force them to give them back their moon; but before they had quite reached the village the eclipse was over, and the moon reappeared in full splendor. On this they returned home in triumph, boasting that their neighbors had given them back their moon for fear of them. A native of Helbon was once driving to Damascus a donkey laden with wood for sale, when, the load being too heavy for the poor animal, he considerately took it off and put it on his own shoulders, and then mounting the donkey, he rode on it into Damascus. A boy once thrust his hand into a narrow-necked pitcher containing walnuts, and having filled his hand with them was unable to draw it out again. He cried bitterly; the whole village assembled to deliberate on what was best to be done, and the wise man of the place gave it as his opinion that the boy's hand must be cut off; when fortunately a stranger, who happened to be passing by, freed the boy from the danger he was in by telling him to let go the walnuts, and so draw his hand out of the pitcher empty, as he had put it in.

CIRCULATION OF AIR.—Winds are put in horizontal motion. Their influence is most beneficial. Were there no winds, the vapors that rise from the sea would be returned back from the clouds, in showers, to the very same places in the sea whence they came. On an earth where no winds blew we should neither have green pastures, still waters, nor running brooks. Air is more liable to pollution and corruption than water; stagnation is ruinous to it. Ceaseless motion has been given to it; perpetual circulation and intermingling of its ingredients are required of it. The necessity of ventilation in our buildings, the wholesome influences of fresh air, are universally acknowledged. The cry in cities for fresh air from the mountains or the sea, reminds us continually of the life-giving virtues of circulation. It has been well said that the girdling encircling air makes the whole world akin. It is the laboratory for the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air to day, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature. The oxygen we are breathing now was distilled for us, some short time ago, by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Amazon. By the winds, superfluous water is carried off and removed to other lands, where its agency is required; or it is treasured up, as the material of clouds, in the crystal vault of the firmament, the source, when the fitting season arrives, of the showers which provide for the wants of the year.



State of Georgia. Pawnee. Harvest Moon—Flag-ship. Juniata. Wanda. Winona. Shenandoah. Canandaigua.

LANDING OF GENERAL POTTER'S AND ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S TROOPS AT BULL'S BAY, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

A VISIT TO FORT SUMTER.

THERE is a thrilling dramatic effect in the repossession of Fort Sumter four years after its surrender to traitors. Every thing connected with the capture of Charleston has more or less of this dramatic interest. Here the rebellion had its birth, and after four years of a strife the most terrible as well as the most needless on record, after four years which have done very much toward exhausting the Confederate States, the city which was the first theatre of war, which first heard the rebel shout of victory, has fallen before the prowess of our national arms. We illustrate on page 164 a visit made by General GILLMORE and his staff, accompanied by some ladies, to Fort Sumter on the 21st of February, immediately after the evacuation of the fort. Captain BRAGG, who appears in the sketch, first raised the Stars and Stripes over the captured work.

We give this week two other illustrations relating to Charleston. One of them, on this page, represents the landing of the Naval Brigade and 1500 troops in Bull's Bay, sixteen miles northeast of Charleston, under Admiral DAHLGREN and General POTTER. This movement was effected February 12, and, threatening the only line of retreat left to the rebels on the north side, hastened the evacuation of the city.

On page 165 we illustrate a very picturesque feature of our victory at Charleston. Our readers will remember that the first troops occupying the city were negroes under Colonel BENNETT. On the night of the 21st the Fifty-fifth Colored Massachusetts landed in the city and marched through the streets, singing the March of John Brown's Soul. If the war itself was a revolution of citizens against their Government, it has introduced also a revolution quite as profound in the relation hitherto existing between the negro and his master.

GEN. EWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

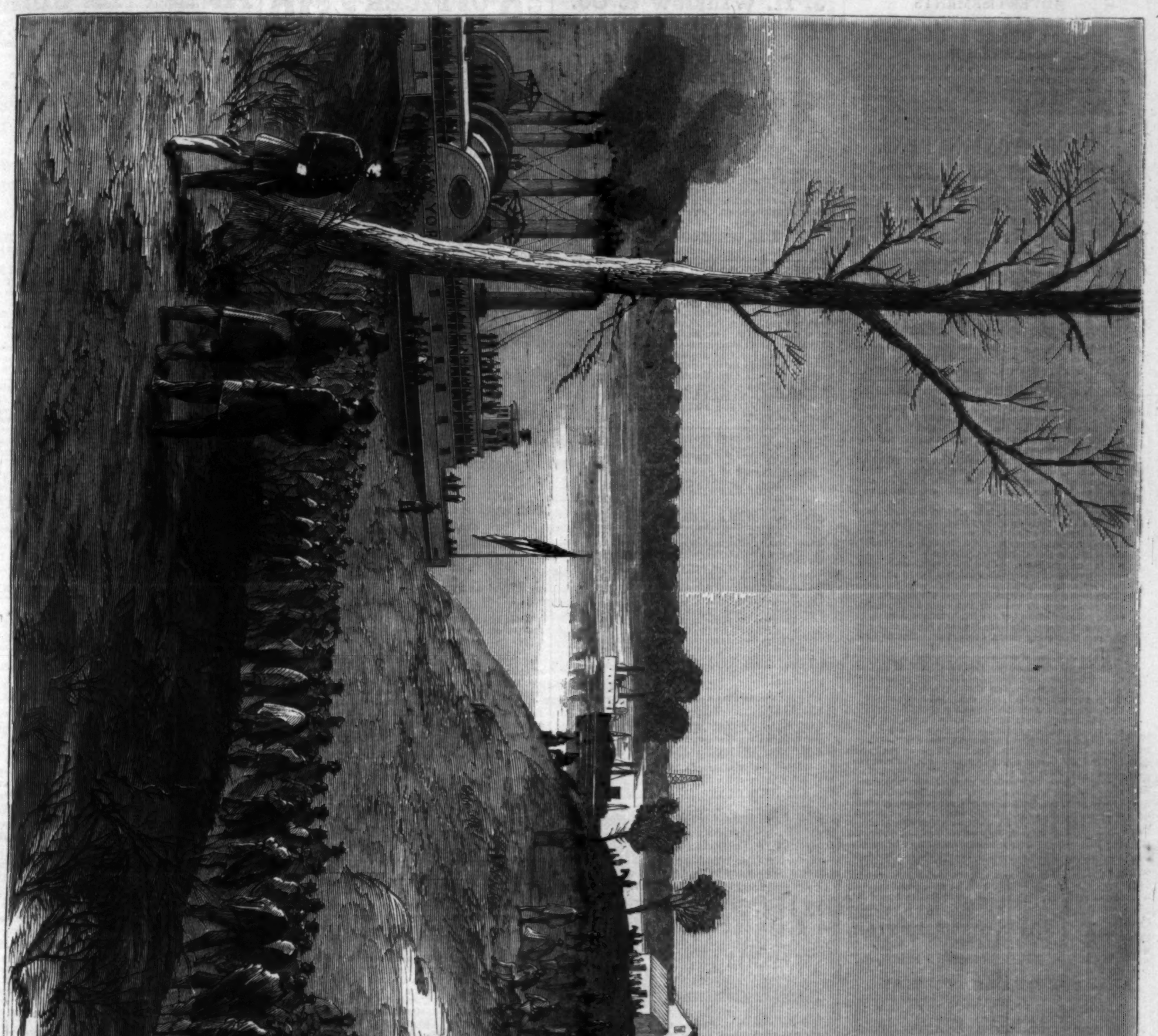
WE give on this page a view of the rebel General EWELL'S Head-Quarters, at the Widow CHAFFIN'S house, on the Osborne turnpike, leading to Richmond. The view was obtained by going into our advanced rifle-pits on the hill in front of Fort Harrison. By using a glass the minutest details could be observed. Indeed our lines are very close at this point. In front there is a ditch, *fraises*, and *abatis* defending it. Then a low parapet, forming a portion of their long intrenched line, behind which the men live in their little tents, with clay and stick chimneys; and beyond these the open plain and the homestead of the family that owns the large tract of land on which Fort Harrison now stands.

Our force north of the James has been considerably depleted; but it is likely that the Army of the James will soon have an important part to play.

OUR RETURNED PRISONERS.

WE give on page 173 an illustration of the embarkation for home of exchanged Union prisoners at Aiken's Landing. The work of exchange is now going on as rapidly as possible. All our prisoners in Richmond and Danville have been returned, and arrangements are being made to receive those which still remain in North and South Carolina. On the 24th of February 1000 were received from Florence. The Georgia and Alabama prisoners will be delivered at Mobile, and those in the prisons west of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Red River. Even if the war should continue for many months to come, there will hereafter be none of the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of a prompt exchange of prisoners. If the South uses negroes, it is for her interest as much as for ours to secure to them every privilege accorded to white troops.

THE REBEL GENERAL EWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS, FOUR MILES FROM CHARLESTON.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN L. L. LANGDON.]



EMBARKATION OF EXCHANGED UNION PRISONERS AT AIKEN'S LANDING, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

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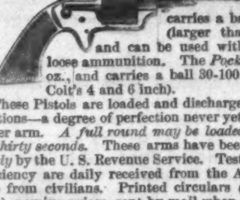

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For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

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Ladies at a delicate period will find them unrivalled; they are the best medicine for mothers and children, and cure costiveness and worms.

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FOR SALE BY THE

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IN TRACTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,

AT LOW PRICES.

The Illinois Central Railroad extends from Dunleith, in the north-western part of the State, to Cairo, in the extreme southern part, with a branch from Centralia, one hundred and thirteen miles north of Cairo, to Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan—altogether a length of 704 miles—and the land which is offered for sale is situated upon either side of the track, in no instance at a greater distance than fifteen miles.

Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the amounts of the principal crops of 1864, for the whole country, as follows: Indian corn, 530,581,403 bushels; wheat, 160,695,823 bushels; oats, 176,690,064 bushels; of which the farms of Illinois yielded 138,356,135 bushels of Indian corn, 33,371,173 bushels of wheat; and 24,273,751 bushels of oats—in reality more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

Pre-eminently the first in the list of grain-exporting States, Illinois is also the great cattle State of the Union. Its fertile prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules; and in the important interest of pork packing, it is far in advance of every other State. The seeding of these prairie lands to tame grasses for pasturage or hay, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The hay crop of Illinois in 1864 is estimated at 2,166,725 tons, which is more than half a million tons larger than the crop of any other State, excepting only New York.

Cotton, Tobacco, Flax.

The cutivation of tobacco and cotton in southern Illinois has been largely stimulated by the high prices which have prevailed since the outbreak of the rebellion. The crop of tobacco in this State, for 1864, is set down at 18,867,722 lbs.; and while the returns from the cotton-growing counties are incomplete, they are yet sufficient to show a large increase in the product—the most careful calculation placing the increase at fifty per cent. Sorghum is now classed among the staples of Illinois. The making of sugar from the beet is receiving some attention, and experiments upon a large scale will be made during the coming season. Hemp and flax are grown in almost every part of the State, and of a quality equal to the best European.

Fruit.

Almost all the fruits of the temperate latitude are produced in Illinois. Peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, and every variety of garden vegetables, are produced in great abundance in the central and southern districts of the State, and are supplied to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, the excellent railway facilities insuring a quick market in all these places.

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The attention of persons, whose limited means forbid the purchase of a homestead in the older States, is particularly invited to these lands. Within ten years the Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,400,000 acres, to more than 20,000 actual settlers: and during the last year 264,422 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are sold in tracts of forty or eighty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, or in larger tracts, as may be required by the capitalist and stock raiser. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility; the climate is healthy; taxes are low; churches and schools are becoming abundant throughout the length and breadth of the State; and communication with all the great markets is made easy through railroads, canals and rivers.

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The price of lands varies from $9 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of *ten per cent.* from the credit price is made to those who purchase for cash.

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Forty acres at $10 per acre, on short credit; the principal one-quarter cash down—balance one, two and three years, at six per cent. interest, in advance, each year.

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Cash Payment	$18 00	$100 00
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The Same Land may be Purchased for $360 Cash.

Full information on all points, together with maps, showing the exact location of Lands, will be furnished on application, in person or by letter, to

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In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

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SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

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WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

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Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Dr. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

Letter from REV. L. C. STEVENS, *Pastor of the Baptist Church, Goffstown Centre, N. H.*

DR. J. W. POLAND: My dear Sir,—You have asked me what I think of your White Pine Compound. I never before put pen to paper to tell any man what I thought of a patent medicine. My father, a physician of the old school, early led me to serious suspicions of all nostrums of whatever kind not bearing the stamp of that fraternity. But these suspicions I have parted with by degrees, as I have carefully acquainted myself with the leading principles of Hydropathy, Homœopathy, Thompsonianism, Eclecticism, and other systems which have claimed public favor within the last twenty-five years; so that I feel at liberty on this ground to speak my convictions. Then the sympathy which I feel for you as a former Baptist pastor—obliged to relinquish the ministry merely on account of ill health, but still cherishing all the ardor of your early years for this blessed work, and laboring to your utmost in other ways, to proclaim the glorious Gospel—inclined me as a matter of duty to comply with your request. In 1853 I became acquainted with Deacon Holmes Boardman, of Maine, brother of the late George Dana Boardman, formerly missionary in Burmah, and from him for the first time learned the wonderful medicinal qualities of white pine bark. He had a few years before been brought to the borders of the grave by what the best of physicians pronounced pulmonary consumption, and was given up to die, but was nevertheless entirely cured by a preparation made by his own hands from this bark. Since that time, until I became acquainted with your article, I have been surprised that no philosophical mind was found to undertake a cough preparation from white pine. As soon as your article was brought to my notice it therefore secured my attention; and I have not failed to acquaint myself with a sufficient number of facts to produce a settled judgment as to its value. Some of my own family have tried it with signal benefit. I believe it one of the best cough medicines ever prepared. Besides its value as a cough medicine, I have good reason to believe it to be all it claims as a remedy for kidney diseases and diabetes.

Yours truly, L. C. STEVENS.

Goffstown Centre, N. H., Feb., 1860.

The Editor of the *Manchester Daily* and *Weekly Mirror*, in a leader of the *Daily* thus writes of the Compound:

The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a cold, and pleasant as it is sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound, made for coughs and colds, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We can not doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. Poland is such that we know he will not countenance what is wrong. For years a Baptist Clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate, consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D.,
Proprietor,

Will be manufactured in future at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.